

W. H. R. M.



THE ART JOURNAL.

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THE ART JOURNAL.—CONTENTS No. 26.

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View of the Seven Bridges, Paris.

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S. SMITH, SCULPT.

JEPTAH'S DAUGHTER.

JULIUS SCHRADER, PINX.



SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

II.

SOON after passing Laramie, and while we are still rolling over the fertile Plains, the night sweeps up from the east in a smoky-looking cloud, and overtakes the speeding train. But, before the relapse of light into final darkness, there is the momentary glory of the western sunset, with its barbaric splendours of crimson and gold

blue or purple—which it is we can scarcely tell—and every bend and peak in their serrated summit-line is emphasised with startling distinctness. The clattering train does not break the spell of silence and loneliness that settles with twilight on the land, despite its suggestiveness of civilisation and the fast-beating pulse of commerce; on the contrary, it adds weirdness to the scene as it twists among the hillocks, disappearing under a snow-shed for a minute, and reappearing with a roar and a blaze. It is like a ship adrift at sea: whence it has come is only indicated by the clogging wreath of smoke that hangs low upon the earth behind it, and its destination is unforeshadowed by the gleam of a human habitation in the dusk ahead. At this time the achievement of the railway company in projecting an iron pathway into so wild and

desolate a region impresses us as it has not impressed us before.

We miss little worth seeing in the night. A formidable array of stations are mentioned on the time-schedule, some named after Indian chiefs, or game; some after contractors who have supplied the ties or rails; a few after the geographical features of the country; and others with some high-sounding word that has captivated the fancy of the miner-settlers. Most of them are passed without detention, and a ludicrous disparity may be observed sometimes between the sonorous dignity of the name and the insignificance of the place.

At Medicine Bow station a waggon-road leads out to Fort Fetterman, one of the centres of the last Indian campaign, and where in previous years the Sioux congregated in great numbers. Then we lapse into another stretch of plain, bounded by the same whited peaks, and not different in any important particular from the stretch before it. The telegraph-poles are the only projections nearer than the mountains, and a flock of birds, or sheep, or a herd of cattle in the neighbourhood of a roughly-timbered ranch, is the only rewards of the patient tourist, who sits in pensive martyrdom at the car-window with a praiseworthy but fatuous resolve to comprehend the whole country. The wheels of the train beat their humdrum on the iron rails; the novel is again taken



Banks of Platte River.

and its dying pathos of opaline light and peaceful blues and greys. No ugliness can assert itself in this parting look of the day. The mean little dug-out and the *bizarre* hovel of the mines are redeemed from their squalour and unshapeliness, and changed until they become inoffensive to the sight. The low-lying plain and the swampy stream meandering it borrow colour from the expiring light; the plain is a red-brown, and the river is overcast with a skim of brassy yellow. The distant mountains are folded in a wonderful

FEBRUARY, 1877.

*Valley of the North Platte.*

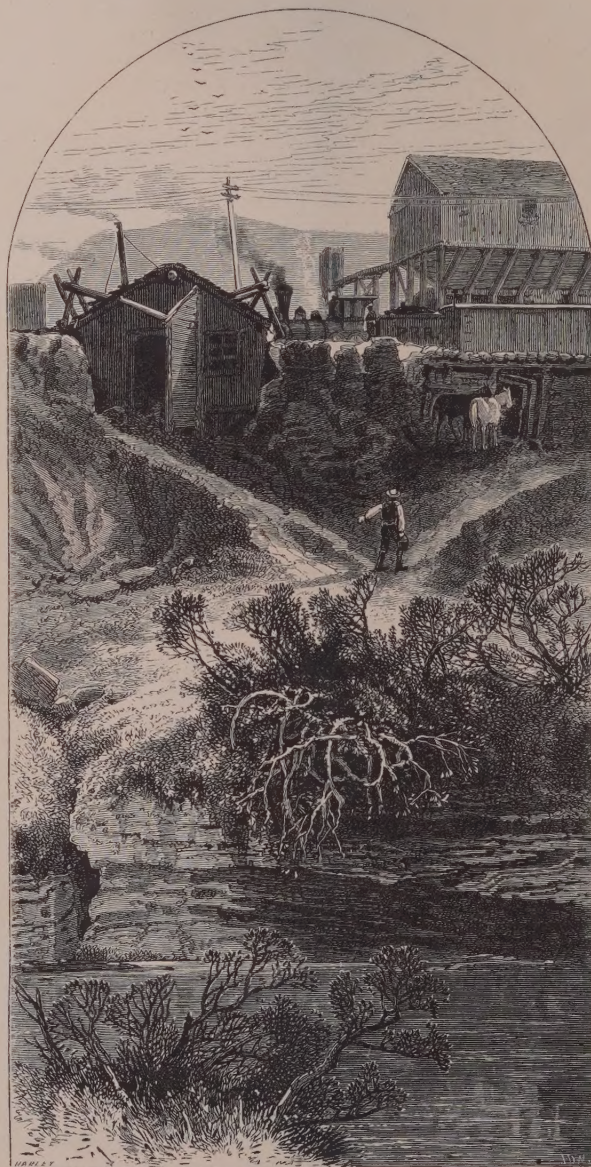
up, and the game of whist, euchre, or casino, is resumed. Then the speed slackens again, and our easy-going conveyance pauses for a few moments at Carbon. Six hundred and fifty-six miles from Omaha and 6,750 feet above the level of the sea, the altitude being different at nearly every station, Carbon is one of the many providential circumstances that favour the maintenance of the road, and is situated, as its name implies, over a deposit of coal. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 120 feet, and veins six feet thick have been opened. The Laramie Plains and the surrounding mountains are rich in mineral deposits, and besides coal, gold and silver, also, in small quantities, and iron, copper, lead, cinnabar, and antimony in greater abundance, have been found underneath the undulating surface of nutritious grass.

More of the plains and more of the telegraph-poles. We pass Simpson, Percy, Dana, St. Mary's, and Walcott, winding in and out and occasionally penetrating a rocky cut in a way that puts an end to our faith in the map, which represents the road as an almost straight line. The passengers yawn and drowse in their seats, and the porter begins to make the beds. Can any one realise what the journey would be without the Pullman car? We are not disposed to be very enthusiastic in alluding to that much overpuffed institution; between what might be done with it and what has been done with it is a great void; the incivility of the attendants employed on the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads goes a little beyond the impudence of negro waiters elsewhere; but, when night falls at the close of a long day's ride over the Plains, the contrast between the outer dark-

ness and the warmth and light, the cheerful plush and veneer, of the interior strikes home. The contrast is the more salient when we pass through the ordinary cars, first class in name only, in which the people who cannot afford the expense of a Pullman

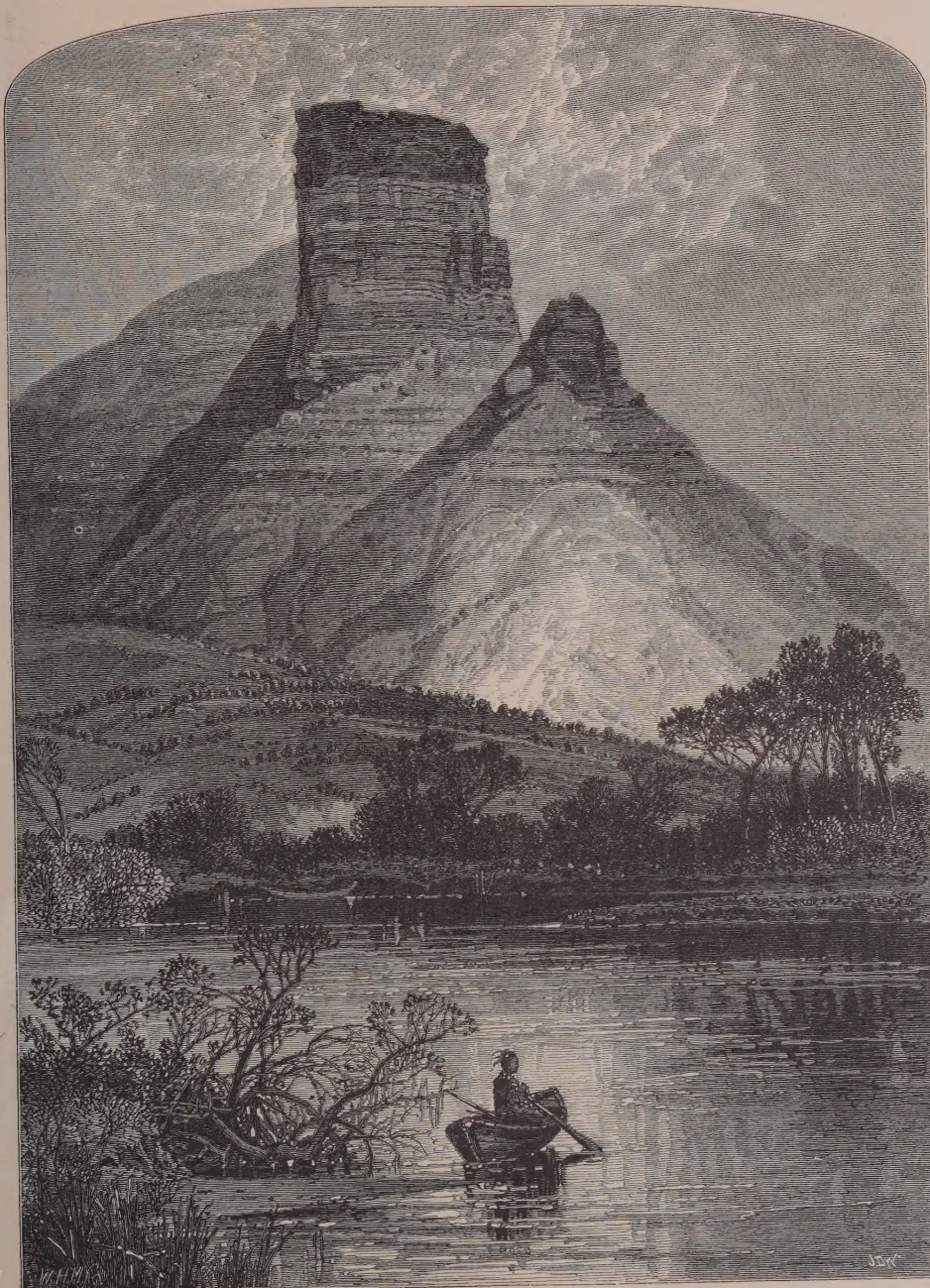
are carried; and it is still more salient when we are admitted to the shabby interior of the emigrant-car, in which for eight or ten days an unsavoury crowd—one person to each seat—eat, live, and have their being. The steerage passage on an ocean-steamer is excelled in wretchedness. A stifling atmosphere and a feeble light; scant space and dirt out of all proportion to everything else; an uneasy, uncomfortable herd of both sexes—adults and children—stretched on the seats and over the floor, changing position from time to time and never finding rest—the scene composed of these elements makes the contrast quite startling, and sends us back into our own compartment, grateful for the blessings of its warmth and cosy aspect.

We have spoken before of the sociability that springs up from the common interests of the passengers, breaking the frosty bars of conventionality and leaving a freedom that does not wait for an introduction. Another characteristic of the overland journey, as may be imagined, is the bringing together of many oddly dissimilar people, and the relief into which their personality is brought. One of the inevitable characters, if such a well-bred, wholesome, and unassuming gentleman can be called so, is a young Englishman. He may be an earl or a viscount with a pedigree as old as the Norman Conquest, or he may be a simple baronet or a commoner, but as one or the other he is pretty sure to occur at some point on the Pacific

*Miners' Huts, Rock Springs.*

Railway, and his countrymen have no reason to be ashamed of the appearance and impression he makes among republicans. A rubicund triumph of matter over mind is stoutly embodied, and success in another caste is illustrated in the hale, blunt, plethoric farmer of Herefordshire or Hampshire, who, with his wife and dahlia-like daughter, is taking the holiday of a life-time, and who, though he is as English as the Tower of London, is

amazed beyond measure when he finds that strangers recognise his nationality. His praise and blame of what he sees are divided between the depth of the soil and the height of impudence attained in the charges of the restaurants. Usually the travellers include one who is on his way around the world; and since the time of passage between San Francisco and Sydney has been reduced to twenty-seven days, Australians are often met with on



Giant's Butte, Green River.

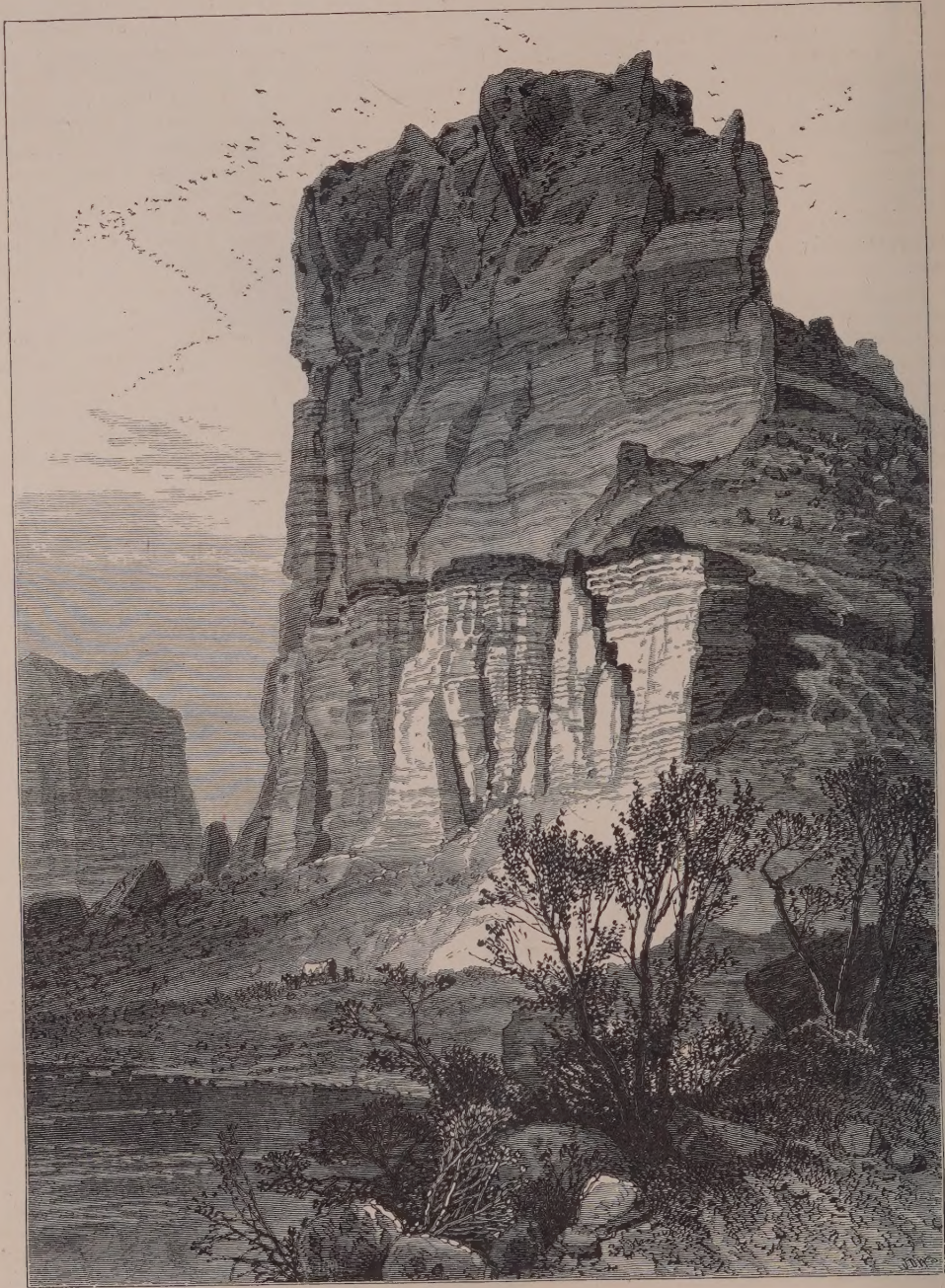
the road. The diverse and cosmopolitan nature of the passengers may be better judged, however, from this list of some of those who shared a Pullman car with us last August—an English earl, a member of the New York State Legislature, an Hawaiian missionary, a Chinese mandarin, the special correspondent of a New York newspaper, the originator and manager of the old overland pony-express, a lieutenant of cavalry, an English merchant on his way to Hong-Kong, several California tradesmen, and two young men bound for Calcutta.

Quiet inattention to what is passing outside marks the passengers who have made the journey before from those to whom it is a new thing, and to whom everything is a matter of frank surprise, and a veteran traveller over the road soon acquires an enviable position of respect among the fresh ones by his narratives of terrible snow-storms and his knowledge of the places on the route. In the earlier years of the railway, before the snow-sheds and snow-ploughs were as complete as they are now, the detentions between San Francisco and Omaha in winter were sometimes a

month long, but a few hours, or, at the worst, days, is the most the company now requires to overcome the heaviest snow-fall.

At about ten minutes to twelve, when all the couches have been transformed into snug sleeping-berths, and the little smoking-room in the rear has been left by the last lingering smoker, the train halts again—this time at Fort Fred Steele, and, if the night is clear, any one peeping through the curtains of his bed will see a broad

river flowing on near the railway. We touched the same river, the North Platte, 600 miles nearer Omaha, where it was muddy, shallow, and sluggish, while here it is clear and deep, and as unsullied as it is at its source among the perpetual snows of Long's Peak in the North Park of Colorado. The fort is a fort in name only, and is simply a shelter for troops and a store for supplies, and in contrast with its primitive log-walls is the orderly arrange-



Cliffs, Green River, Wyoming.

ment of the interior. Not an observance exacted in the most populous and magnificent fort in the East or in Europe is omitted from the discipline of this isolated outpost; the *reveille* is beaten and the guard mounted at the same hour and with the same unerring punctuality as at Governor's Island and San Francisco, and both officers and men are as careful and as neat in their dress as a regiment marshalled for review before the commander-in-chief.

After Fort Steele comes Granville, 703 miles from Omaha, and Granville is succeeded by Rawlins, a station named after General

Grant's first Secretary of War, which has a population of about 600, mostly railway employés. These mechanics have invested their savings in some mines, forty miles to the north, which are said to yield gold, silver, and copper mixed with iron. They penetrated a vein with a shaft, and obtained ore at about sixty feet below the surface; then they bored a tunnel, and in the course of two years expended \$24,000 in their enterprise. At a depth of 365 feet they struck the vein, and in all the little cabins around Rawlins there are fluttering hopes that the copper and sil-

ver now being obtained will run out, and that gold will soon be found.

A guide-book says that Rawlins contains the usual number of bar-rooms, which means that it has a whole street full of them. We see settlement after settlement along the railway line that might be wiped out without detriment to the country; the first sign of life in them is the bar-room; the success of the first establishment of this kind entails several others, and if civilisation survives these developments a church and a few cottages follow. Half the towns on our way have no better excuse for existence than the gratification of the bad tastes of the ranchmen, who flock in for occasional debauchery. But Rome began with Remus and Romulus; and as great a civilisation, with greater endurance, may have its seed in a demijohn.

Next to Rawlins is Summit, next to Summit Separation, next to Separation Fillmore, and next to Fillmore Creston. Three miles farther west is the divide that turns one part of the water of the continent into the Pacific, and the other part into the Atlantic; but it is unimpressive both in appearance and in actual altitude.

Latham, Washakie, Red Desert, Tipton, Table Rock, and Bitter Creek, each about seven miles apart, are left behind, and 831 miles from Omaha we reach Rock Springs, one of the subjects of our artist's illustrations, where all the coal used by the Union Pacific Company, and much of that consumed in towns along the line, are obtained. The coal is said to surpass anthracite, having neither clinkers in its ashes nor heavy soot in its smoke: 104,427 tons were shipped in 1875, and two veins, one six and the other nine feet thick, are now being worked.

Soon after daylight on the following morning, we are in the Green River country of Wyoming, and our interest is accelerated by the extraordinary sandstones which crop out in close proximity to the railway. These formations are known to scientific men as the Green River shales, the different sediments being arranged in regular layers, varying from the thickness of a knife-blade to several feet. The castellated cliff and the giant butte, both of which are shown in the accompanying drawings, are prominent landmarks to all travellers, and are characteristic rocks of the region. The

broad and well-defined bands of colour, looking as though they had been applied by a painter's brush; the countless spires and turrets eroded in the front of the main rock, and the grotesque element that finds expression in a hundred inconceivable and indescribable shapes, force us to believe that we have left earth behind, and have strayed into goblin-land.

Beautiful impressions of fish are seen on the shales, sometimes a dozen or more within the compass of a square foot. The moulds of insects and water-plants are also found, and occasionally a greater wonder still, such as the feather of a bird, can be traced in the heart of a rock several hundred feet high.

The river derives its name and colour from the green shale through which it runs. It heads in the Wyoming and Wind River Mountains, and finally unites with the Colorado, through the cañon of which it travels for some distance. At Flaming Gorge the water is of the purest emerald, with banks and sand-bars of glistening white, and it is overlooked by a perpendicular bluff, banded with the brightest red and yellow to a height of 1,500 feet above the surrounding level. When illumined by the full sunlight, Flaming Gorge fully realises its name, and it is the entrance to the miraculous Red Cañon, which furrows the earth at a depth of 3,000 feet.

We would advise every tourist, who has time, to alight at Green River, and remain "over" a day. The accommodations are not much to speak of, but they are fairly comfortable, and the sights are such as no other country than the far West affords.

Another remarkable rock is the Giant's Club, a towering mass, almost round, that rises to a great height, and was at one time, according to geologists, on the bottom of a lake. In the strata of sandstone many fossils of insects and plants have been discovered. A United States geologist unearthed plants in the upper part, and a hundred feet lower down found the remains of fishes, all of them belonging to fresh water and all of extinct species.

Outfits for either hunting or fishing parties can be obtained at the station, and the country around has a good reputation among sportsmen for its deer, elk, and trout.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

EARLY ART.

To the Editor of the ART JOURNAL.

SIR,—I should feel greatly obliged if any of your readers, through your valuable Journal, would throw some light on the following processes of Art; as so little is known of the methods, it would be highly interesting to the Art community. Vasari, in his "Lives of the Painters," mentions a Margaritone, painter, sculptor, and architect, of Arezzo, and says: "But to return to Margaritone: he appears to have been the first, judging from what we see in his works in painting, who considered the precautions required by him who paints on wood, to the end that the joints should hold firmly, and that no clefts and fissures should become apparent after the completion of the painting. It was his custom to cover the whole surface with canvas, which he secured by means of a strong glue, made from the boiled shreds of parchment; over the canvas he next applied a layer of gypsum, as may be seen in his pictures, as well as in those of others; on the gypsum, which was mixed with glue, above described, he then formed diadems and other ornaments in relief."

It is generally admitted that the above methods were all practised before the time of Margaritone. We must observe that Vasari fails to mention the names of those other artists to whom he alludes; neither does he give the process any particular name, nor the originality of the method above described.

Proceeding to a more recent period, we find in the pictures of Carlo Crivello a similar method adopted in the dress of St. Peter in the National Gallery, his costume being enriched with portions in relief, and studded with imitation pearl and other ornaments or jewels, also in relief. Leaving the Italians, we find, also, ex-

amples of the same kind of workmanship among the old Flemish masters.

A picture similarly executed came under my observation; I made a careful examination of it, and found canvas glued on deal-board, then the canvas was covered with a fine white plaster or cement, which was covered with gold. The heads and hands of the figures are painted, and are artistically good and finely coloured. The robes are formed with pearls or shells cemented and joined to each other, but the lines of the joinings are distinctly observable, and the whole are coloured and finely embroidered, with the pencil, in gold; above the figures in the background the shells or pearls are abundantly diffused.

The work is attributed to John Van Eyck, as the picture contains his portrait; and from a Spanish inscription on the back it was probably painted and embellished by him during his connection with the Spanish court.

Again, we have the name of Hugo Vander Goes, who, we are told, beautified some of his pictures in the same manner. It can only be supposed that it was a species of Art practised by the Greeks, then by the Italians, and afterwards by the Germans, and most probably suggested the idea of enamelling on gold and silver. Who were the originators? what has been its progress from one period of Art to another? and who were the artists who generally followed such practices? are questions which require an answer at the present time, as it seems to be an important feature of Art which has through ignorance or neglect fallen into disuse, so far as pictures are concerned.

JOSEPH SIMPSON.

Bradford, Yorkshire.

NORWAY.

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER I.



Tyssesstrangene Foss.

OR comparatively few years only has Norway received any attention from the travelling public. The beauty and the grandeur of the country, and the simple habits of the people, were only known to very few, and only heard of occasionally from some energetic salmon fisher who loved outdoor life, good sport, plain food, and vigorous health—preferring his healthy pursuit to a constant swim of advanced civilisation, crowded cities, over-crowded *soirées*, high-pressure dinners, and the general hurry and scurry of modern life. The words “Gamle Norge,” or old Norway (a term which arouses the greatest enthusiasm in Norway itself), rejoice the heart of many a traveller in the present day, and not only excite those who have been there and know its joys, but those who, having heard of it, long to go and judge for themselves. The words are not of modern introduction; they were evidently well known in the sixteenth century, and in-

troduced by the immortal bard of Stratford-on-Avon into *Hamlet*.

Norway is grand, picturesque, wild, and bold, its principal features being the long arms of the sea running inland for many miles, sea water dashing against the most precipitous façades of rocks, and the snow water coming down from the high ranges in many instances, and falling straight into the sea itself. These arms of the sea are called “Fjords,” and two are especially grand and of immense expanse, the Sogne Fjord, the largest, and the Hardanger; both of them are rich in snowscapes and waterfalls, and the latter will be taken for the subject of the present paper. The Hardanger is the richer of the two in the matter of waterfalls, having two to boast of, the Voring Foss and the Skjæggerdal Foss, sometimes called the Ringedal Foss, as falling into the Ringedal Vand. The Voring Foss, which is approached from Vik, is better known than the latter fall, which is more grand in form and power; to reach it one should stop at the end of the fjord. The difficulty of access and roughness of road have prevented many from attempting to reach it; still it is well worth any passing discomfort or fatigue to have the privilege of communing with nature under such a combination of circumstances. Arrived at Odde, arrangements must be made to remain at least three or four days, so as to visit the following most interesting localities:—

1. Skjæggerdal Foss.
2. Buerbræ Glacier.
3. Folgefond.
4. Grondal Laate Foss, and other fosses.

The immense extent of the snowfields of the Folgefond should not be missed, and for these a day not too bright should be selected especially; for pleasant as fine weather is, still nature is not always seen to the greatest advantage in cloudless weather, and more particularly in mountain scenery, where mist and broken cloud relieve the various peaks, detach them one from the other by the most delicate films, impart grandeur with endless variety, and give size, draping the peaks with mystery and majesty. Now for the foss.

What a delightful sensation is that of rising on a fine morning, with a glorious excursion before one, in a mountainous country. The freshness of the morning, the early mist waiting its bidding to rise, the anticipation of coming pleasure—these were at Odde, our starting-place.

The village of Odde, with its simple church, a station for carriages and boats, its few wooden houses, kind, simple people, and one lazy-looking sailing craft, or “jagt,” is fortunate in having a young guide, who, following in the steps of his father, has by his many good qualities influenced numerous people to visit this most excellent place; and all who have been there once seem to wish to go again. Our arrival from the Hankelid route, coming down the Grondal, was late, in fact about 2 A.M.; leaving the lake above Odde, we first caught sight of the Hardanger Fjord, with the village lying below, the church in strong relief, with its few buildings against the bright water. One felt greatly inclined to sit and muse over such a scene, so calm, so peaceful, so solemn, so silent, for no singing-birds ever chirrup in this northern land, and their absence is most noticeable.

Early in the morning we are up, and with every promise of fine weather, and comfort from our “nosebags” (most necessary items for this travelling), we start for the Skjæggerdal, an excursion which should take fourteen hours to do comfortably. What enjoyment can there be, what satisfaction, what knowledge gained in a strange country, if one flies through it as if training for some event and engaged in athletic sports themselves? The start is made from Odde down the lake to Tysedal, about an hour’s row on the fjord; soon is seen a white line running out from the shore, soon the boat is caught by the stream, swung round, and we near the land in the backwater. This is the exit of the snow water coming from the foss into the sea water of the fjord.

Now to begin three hours’ good steady walking up, up, up through pine woods, with boot soles polished by slippery needles, now and then ledges of rocks, and oftentimes a sweeping, shelving sweep of smooth rocks, dangerous for most, ticklish for every one, especially should they have any tendency to giddiness. In some parts logs have been laid in the fissures, and in one place a kind of all-four ladder; still all enjoy it, and glory in the freshness of the trip. After this tough walk the upper valley is reached, and the farm, Skjæggerdal, “gaard,” is in sight. Here was found milk and coffee, a kindly people quite out of the world. The homestead, so lonely in winter, now bright in summer-light, with peasant farmfolk and a singing guide; but even “Danjel,” with his eagle profile, is not always inclined to sing his best; perhaps he is aware of the report that the priest, having heard that Danjel had fallen in love, had forbidden the banns, simply on the score of his too strong resemblance to the feathery tribe just mentioned. Leaving the farm, we go down to the boathouse, covered with huge slabs of stone to prevent it being blown away by the “wintry winds,” and enter the boat to cross the river at the foot of the foss, from the Ringedal Vand. Once over, we are soon at the Ringedal Lake, which is all snow water, most crystally clear, and containing no fish, no life, on account of its extremely low temperature. On the left of the lake is seen high up the Tyssesstrangene Foss, as shown under our initial letter. Near the foot of this we stop to go up and see the “bear self-shooter,” or

trap, where bruin, it is hoped, may run against a wire, which fires two barrels heavily charged; a bad look in the future for tourists who eschew guides, as this is the only accessible road. At the back is the immense snow expanse of the Folgefond, and in

front of us we hear a distant roaring thud of continuous waters, our "fall." Rounding a point, we look up and see it. The best time is when the snow water is in full spate, then it is truly majestic. The whole air seems whirled round in eddies;



Buerbræ Glacier.

the fall comes shooting and leaping over, falling in inverted rocket forms, half breaking on a ledge of rocks; the foam, the roar of waters, the vast spray, everything is soaked and dripping;

the energy of nature in a most sublime form—the Skjæggerdal Foss itself.

We were loth to leave the spot, but started off a little taci-



Odde, Hardanger.

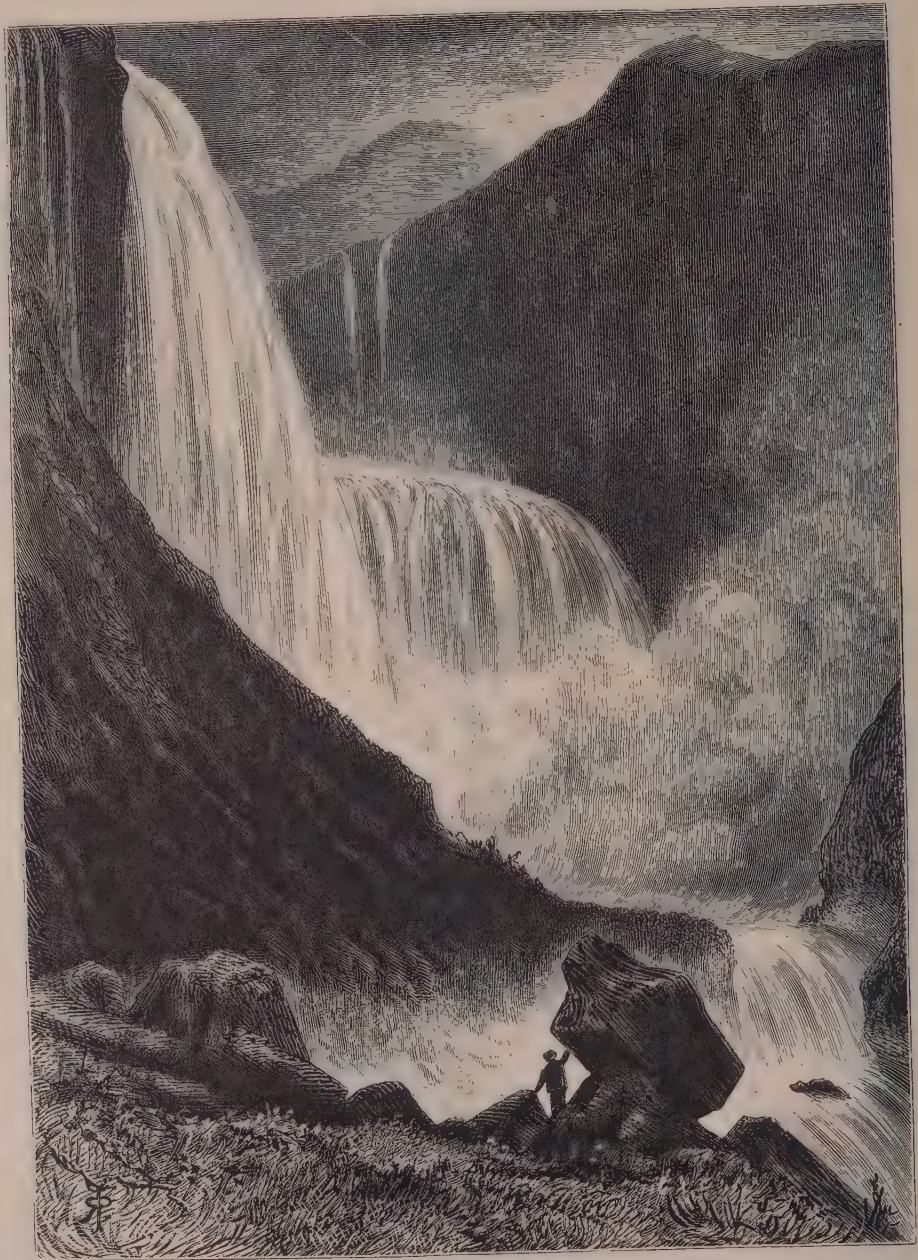
turned by the impression the scene had made on us, and safely returned to receive the kind hospitality of our friends at Odde, and next, to visit the "Buerbræ Glacier." This glacier has especial interest for all lovers of nature, from the fact of its being not only a new formation, or creation, but being still in progress of

development. This is caused by the immense pressure of the large snowfields above in the Folgefond, which bodily weigh and force down the ice into the valley. Our good friend Tollefson, father of the young guide previously mentioned, was born in the valley where the glacier is now gradually carrying all

before it; fifty years ago, he told me, there were no symptoms of ice; gradually it formed and advanced—in 1870, ninety yards; in 1871, four yards in one week; and in 1874 it made a more rapid advance. When we were there the front ice was just ploughing up a large rock and pushing it over; on either side the rocks are steep, and, throughout, the colour of the ice is very beautiful, for the ice itself is as lovely in colour as the Rosenlain Grindenwald. Where will it end? Most likely drive steadily on to the lake above Odde. Who can tell?

At the farm was seen a beautiful piece of carving, in the form of a saltbox, very old, but well worth preserving. In a future number will be given some specimens of the native work.

The costume of this district is very striking and characteristic, the chief feature being the head-dress, or cap, called in Norske "skaut;" it is formed of white muslin crimped, the hair hidden by the white band over the forehead, the white cap rising in a semi-circle above the head; the corners fall down the back nearly to the waist in a point; white linen sleeves, with scarlet



Skjæggerdal Foss.

body bound with black velvet, the stomach worked in different coloured beads and bugles; the chemisette fastened with old silver brooches, and the collar joined either by a stud or brooch. The apron is equally picturesque: it is of white muslin, with three rows of open insertion-work on a pink ground; this is generally well thrown up by a dark petticoat, so that the whole costume produces a very striking effect. These costumes were pleasingly brought together one evening when we were invited by Svend Tollefson to a little dance at his mother's house. The

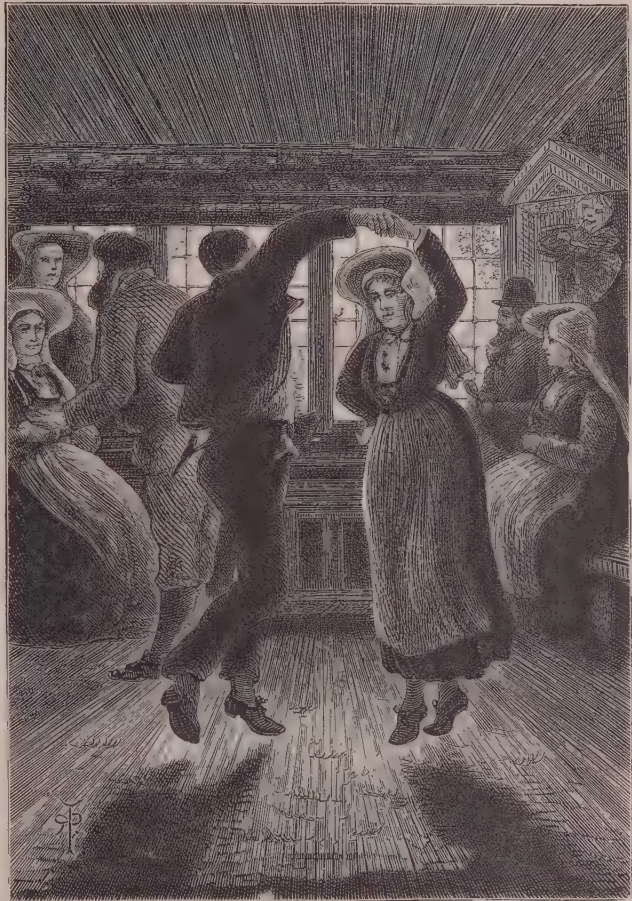
father and mother sat together, whilst the younger folk stood round, some few sitting. The fiddler was grand in action and eccentricity, with tremendous catgut fire; a few involuntary notes trespassing now and then, with good stirring effect on the dancers. The young Svend, evidently a favourite with the youth and beauty of Odde, was continuous in his dancing, principally the "Spring Dance," a waltz in which it is most desirable that the swain should be taller than the maiden, for the former has to run round the latter as she waltzes, holding her hand over

her head. The Halling dance, in which the dancer jumps a great height into the air, was attempted out of doors, but hardly

giants are most noticeable in their politeness; there was a constant shaking of hands after taking wine, to thank the host



Odde, Hardanger.



The Spring Dance—Hardanger.

with success. After each dance the guests took some wine, and on this occasion we had some "gammel fin hvid portvün" (fine old white port wine), which was very good. The Norwe-

by saying, "Tak for vün," or "Tak for mad;" and the charm is they not only say, but mean it, and sincerity is, most unquestionably, a jewel of joy.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

IX.



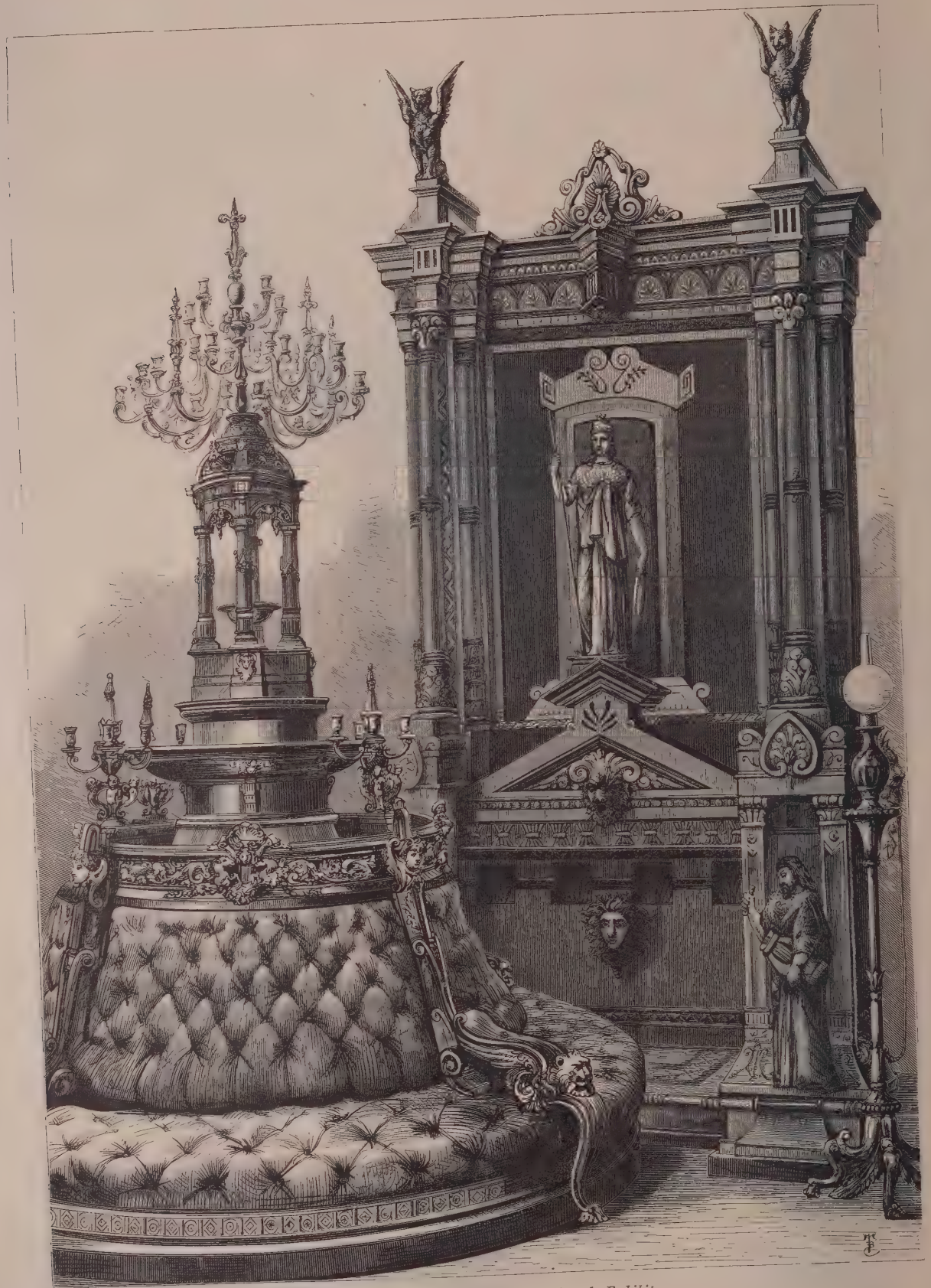
ONTINUING our series of illustrations of Art-objects at the recent great Exhibition, we give two groups of articles in the French exhibit. The first group consists of a remarkable circular settee, and a very artistic mantel and fireplace. The settee is fourteen feet high and ten feet in diameter. It is in the Renaissance style,

and is composed at the base of a circular sofa, covered with green satin, and divided into four parts by bronze arms of the colour of old silver on a base of gold. These arms terminate at the bottom with extended wings, serving as rests, and at the top in bunches of lights supported by caryatides. They are united by a bronze frieze, which crowns the back of the sofa. Above the sofa rises an antique fountain of red marble and bronze. The jet is enclosed in a graceful cupola supported by four symmetric Ionian columns. The water flows over marble steps and falls first into a basin of bronze, from which it is thrown, by six jets from the mouths of fantastic figures, into a lower basin. Finally, the whole is gracefully surmounted by a chandelier of fifty burners. The chandelier and the ornaments in bronze that embellish the cupola

are plated with silver, and overlaid with gold in places in order to bring out the salient points.

The fireplace is sixteen feet high and eleven feet wide at the base. It is of black marble. The ornamental figures are of green bronze, relieved with gold. The style is Greek. At the base there are two full-length figures, emblems of Poetry and Music. The hearth is a beautiful mosaic with a Medusa-head in the centre. Finally, a massive frontal serves as a pedestal for a full-length Minerva, whose gilt robe stands out in bold relief on a delicate lilac background. This Etruscan ornamentation is surrounded by marble panels, against which lean four columns, supporting a cornice specially remarkable for its polychrome frieze interlaced. The whole is surmounted by two winged griffins in bronze.

The second group from the French exhibit contains a specimen of Aubusson tapestry, a French buffet or *chiffonnier*, and a gas-standard. The *chiffonnier* is of French walnut unvarnished, with the panels of the doors in white porcelain, upon which are paintings of flowers and fruits. The border of the Aubusson tapestry consists of forms of fish, peacocks, game, and instruments of the chase, in natural colours and in strong light and shade. The



Circular Settee and Mantel-piece—French Exhibit.

centre is surrounded with ornaments to represent gold, the ground of dark crimson, with patterns a shade lighter, relieved with gold lines. The gas-standard is a bronze pedestal, with terminated heads of lions, and carrying four burners.



Aubusson Tapestry, Chiffonnier, and Gas-standard, French Exhibit.

The exhibition of china, delft, and earthen ware from Spain, contained several fine groups, one of which forms the subject of our engraving. The objects collectively give a good idea of the artistic skill in modelling attained by the potters of Seville, and in the

province of Castellon, where most of the specimens were produced. The large vase is of dark-blue china-ware, ornamented with a gold design on its surface. The vase next in height is also of china, but lighter in colour, and richly painted with a floral design.

The tracery is of gold. The vase with handles, on the left, is of dark-blue china, and ornamented with a floral design in gold. The other objects, namely, the vases, water-jars, and keg-shaped bot-

tles, are all made of a white porous clay. They resemble terracotta ware, but are more white in their texture and finish. They are neatly modelled, and the ornamentation is in relief. The great

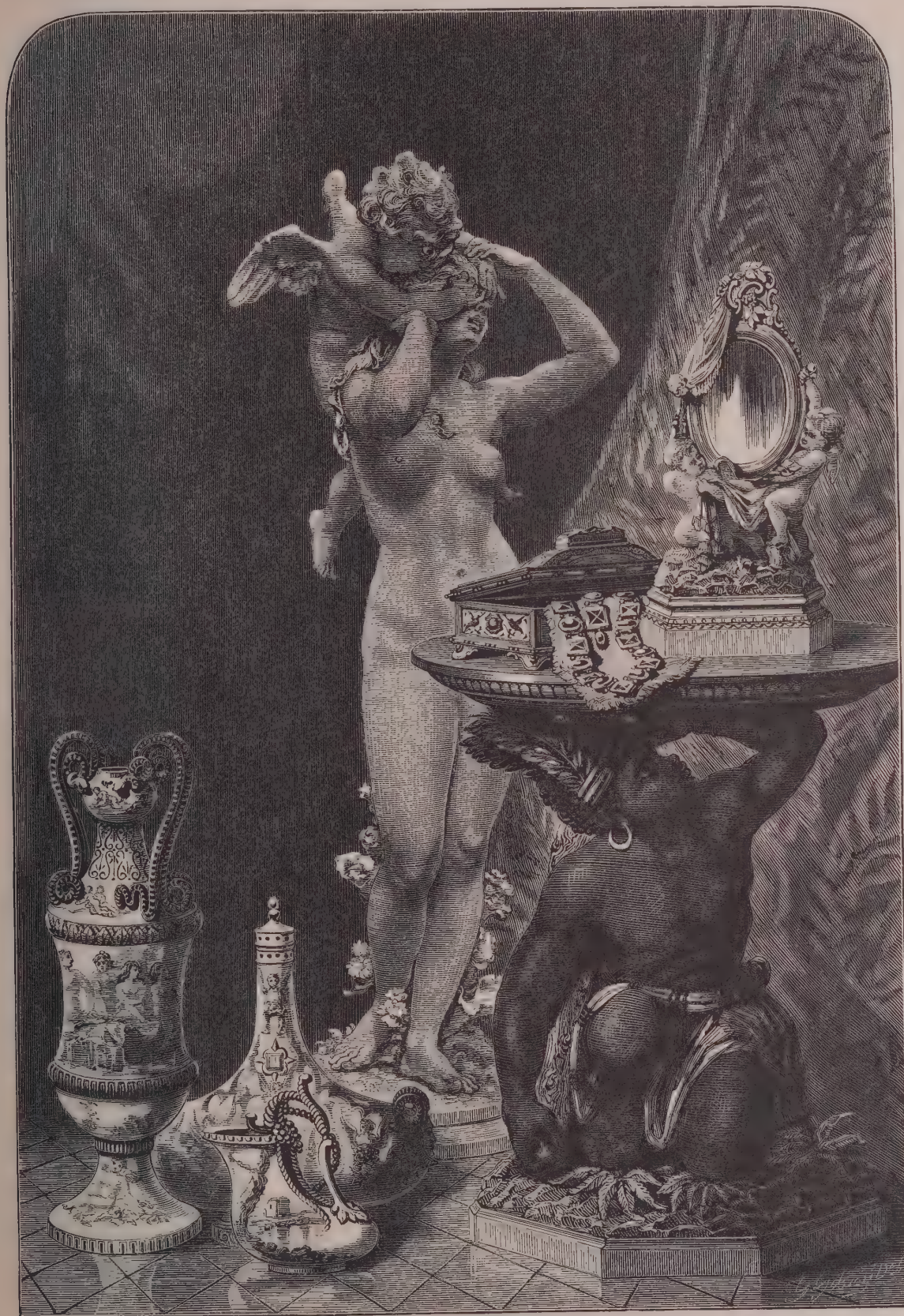


Selections from the Spanish Exhibit.

plate which partly serves as a background for the group is a superb specimen of *repoussé* work. The design represents a sporting-scene with a leaf border, and it is richly encrusted with gold and

silver. The objects are grouped upon a corner of an elaborately-carved cabinet.

Our selections from the Italian exhibit embrace a marble statue



Selections from the Italian Exhibit.

from Florence, entitled "Love blinding." The vases are of majolica ware, from Faenza; the table and the figure of a Hindoo which supports it are both of black wood; the mirror-stand on the table

is of carved wood: and the jewel-box of walnut wood is remarkable for exquisite carving, that on the end being relieved against a background of gold.

THE USE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN ORNAMENTAL ART.

By F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.

CHAP. I.



IN the series of papers that will from time to time appear under the above title in the pages of the *Art Journal*, it will be our endeavour, as far as may be, in the brief way that is alone here possible, to point out some few examples of the use of the higher natural forms in decorative compositions. We propose, however, to limit ourselves to the illustration of the use of the lower animals alone—the beasts of the forest, the companions and servants of man, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea; leaving man—the human form divine, the crowning work of all these created forms—to some future occasion, and possibly to some other pen.

Animal forms do not enter nearly so largely into ornamental Art as do those of the vegetable kingdom, and several reasons why this should be so naturally suggest themselves to the mind. The very fact of

animals being far higher in the scale of creation than any merely vegetable growths unfits them for many positions where some ornamental treatment is desired. The symmetrical balance that is often advisable in a decorative design is much more readily obtainable by the use of some plant-form than by any higher means, as the eye that is not offended by seeing a symmetrical grouping of buttercups or maple-leaves, would feel a certain incongruity in seeing two animals, creatures having volition, placed with like rigidity and formal balance. The repetition of forms that is so marked a feature, too, in all work produced under the influence of machinery, is also greatly against the use of these higher forms; for while the inherent Art instinct is not greatly perturbed by the formal repetition of some pleasing

floral form, incongruity is again felt when some animal—even so low in the scale of life as a butterfly, for example—an animal endowed with the power of motion, and able to throw itself into almost any number of varied positions, expressing so many various emotions—is mechanically repeated



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

over a surface, so that we get fifty butterflies all descending at the same angle on some blossom, or fifty stags all tripping with the same measured gait, all advancing with the right leg raised in air with a perfection of discipline that suggests the monotonous drill of the barrack-yard rather than the glorious freedom

of the ferny glades of the forest or the wide expanse of purple moorland.

From a consideration of these and other reasons that will occur on reflection to our thoughtful readers, but which we now need scarcely linger over, it will be evident that animal forms



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

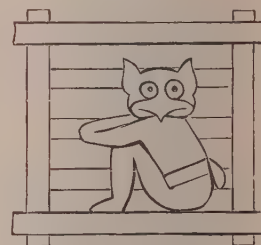


Fig. 7.

are best suited to the higher class of design, where rigid symmetry gives place to a general balance of parts, and where mechanical repetition is superseded by a more or less possible amount of variation in the details. Animal forms are therefore more commonly found in ancient and mediæval Art than in

modern work, where the individual fancy and tastes of the designer had far freer scope than is now ordinarily the case.

The question as to how far a direct copy of nature is permissible in decorative Art is a farther complication of the difficulty that attends the successful introduction of animal forms,

since a conventional treatment of the higher form would not so readily satisfy the eye, as it does in the lower forms, while a mere transcript of nature, beautiful or clever as it may be in itself, would often be offensive to all true Art requirements; as, for example, the elaborately-counterfeited earthenware salmon that conceals within its recesses the pickled remains of the genuine thing, or the elaborately-simulated hen that on some breakfast tables covers the boiled eggs, that the lowly original has contributed to the family meal. Animal forms in the ornament of the past will ordinarily be found to owe their introduction either to their connection with some mythological association, as in much of the Art of ancient times; or to some symbolic meaning that has been attributed to them, as in many examples to be met with in early Christian Art; or to the requirements of heraldry, as illustrated by numerous examples in mediæval and modern days; or, fourthly, from a loving appreciation of them, that causes the designer to revel in the representation of them for their own sakes.

The mythologic and symbolic may advantageously be blended



Fig. 8.

together, as they represent to a great extent the same influence, the religious, the chief difference being that we naturally class as myths many of the beliefs of the Assyrian, Greek, or Roman, since they appeal but little to us, while we equally naturally only consider as symbols those forms that are to us symbolic;

the eagle of Jove was to the Greek or Roman as much a symbol as the eagle of St. John was to the men who painted or carved in mediæval days; and the wolf of the Capitol, the chimæra or the hydra pointed to the favouring interposition of gods and demi-gods to these followers of an older creed, no less than the various forms that in like manner symbolise to us an overruling power. Symbolism, however, though ordinarily used in the service of religion, is not thus absolutely limited; hence

we have been careful to point out above that symbolic and mythologic influences are not strictly identical. Symbolism, as we have already pointed out in our papers on the principles of ornamental art, in a preceding volume, is the employment of some positive or visible form as the equivalent of some other thing incapable of this direct representation, as, for instance, fidelity;



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.

this form, often rude and barbarous in itself, thus becomes the symbol of this idea. It is, therefore, naturally used in the service of religion, but it also enters largely into the devices of the herald, the lion of England being as truly a symbol as the lion of St. Mark; the eagle on the coinage of Germany as veritably symbolic, though in another direction, as the bird of Jove.

The dog as an emblem of fidelity, the ass as a type of stu-

pidity, the fox as a symbol of craft, are but a few examples of the inner meanings that have from time to time influenced the mind of the artist, and directed, under varying circumstances, his choice of those forms that appeared most fitly to suggest to the minds of others the ideas that he was desirous of conveying to them on the contemplation of his work.

Having thus briefly indicated the various influences that assist

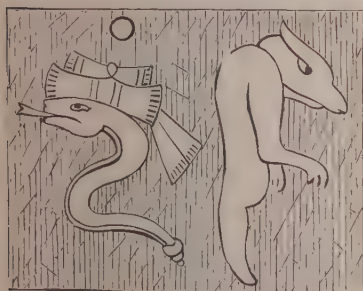


Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

or prevent the introduction of animal forms into ornamental Art, we now proceed to examine more in detail the forms that are actually met with, endeavouring, so far as we are able, to indicate what influenced the choice.

We propose to commence with those mythical forms that may so freely be met with throughout all Art periods, afterwards passing to the various forms of beasts, then of birds, and so

down, so far as our limited space will permit, to the lower forms, those of reptiles, fish, and insects.

The principal mythical forms that we find represented in Art are the sphinx; the sea-horse, shown in Fig. 11; the sea-lion, represented in Fig. 1; phœnix; cockatrice, represented in Fig. 5; griffin, as in Fig. 6, from a coin of Teos, a city of Ionia; the dragon; the chimæra, of which Fig. 8, taken from an old mosaic,

is a representation; the mermaid, the wyvern, the centaur, the unicorn, the hydra, Pegasus, Cerberus, the basilisk, the harpy, and the salamander.

The sphinx is more especially met with in Egyptian and classic Art; and again, naturally, in the Renaissance work of France and Italy, which was professedly a return to classic types. The sphinx is composite in nature, being in Greek Art ordinarily the combination of the head and bust of a woman with the body of a lion; in Egyptian Art the leonine body is surmounted by the head of a man, hawk, or other creature, according to the ideas that were to be embodied in the creation. It is a curious feature to notice how frequently these mythical forms are compounded of parts of other and natural forms; the new animal is not a new creation, it is but the aggregation of features derived from natural types. In cases where such attributes as the courage of the lion, the wisdom of the serpent, were to be expressed, the leonine body and claws, or the head of the serpent itself, would evidently best convey the required characteristics to the eye and mind of the beholder; and in other cases, where such an employment of the divers parts is not so obvious, we must not too readily assume that it has no significance because it is to us meaningless.

The sea-horse, like the sea-lion, is freely met with in Greek and Roman Art, and both forms are largely introduced again in mediæval and modern heraldry. The phoenix had what we may be allowed to term a literary existence among the Greeks and Romans, but, so far as we are aware, he did not become a creation of the artist until the mythic creature was accepted by the early Christians as a type of the resurrection of the body; an association of ideas that has since rendered its use very common; while other features, such as its solitary state, narrated of it by the old writers, are in like manner, though less frequently, the causes of its introduction.

According to a tale narrated to Herodotus on his visit to Heliopolis, the phoenix visited that place once every five hundred years, bringing with it the body of its predecessor, and burning it with myrrh in the sanctuary of Helios: but the version on which the Christian moral and application is based is somewhat different. It is founded on the old belief that the phoenix, when it arrived at the age of fourteen hundred and sixty one years, committed itself to the flames that burst, at the fanning of its wings, from the funeral pyre that it constructed of costly spices, and that from its ashes a new phoenix arose to life. This belief, which appears to us so absurd, was for hundreds of years as accepted a fact as any other point in natural history. The home of the phoenix was supposed to be somewhere in Arabia, and the bird itself is represented as being very similar to an eagle. The phoenix is very freely used as a device in heraldic art; thus it was assigned to Joan of Arc, with the motto "Her death itself will make her live;" and, to give but one more instance out of the many that might be brought forward, it was the badge of Jane Seymour; Edward VI., her son, adding to it the motto, "Nascatur ut alter," "That another may be born," a delicate way of alike hinting at the nature of her death, and of his own claim to occupy a position so proud and unique.

We must defer further comment on many of these mythical forms until our next paper. As we see that we have not yet referred at all to Figs. 2 and 10, we may just point out that they are both Italian in their origin; Fig. 4 is from a Greek coin, of which we shall have more to say; Figs. 13 and 14 are what profess to be true representations of a dragon and a mantichora respectively; Fig. 9 is a powerful piece of French mediæval carving; while Figs. 7 and 12 are taken from old Mexican MSS. in the Bodleian and Vatican libraries. These Mexican records abound in every page with illustrations of animal forms of the most grotesque character and of most varied nature.

FIRMIN-GIRARD'S FLOWER-MARKET.



THE picture of 'The Flower-Market,' by Firmin-Girard, which attracted much attention in last year's Paris *Salon*, is now on exhibition at Goupil's Gallery, New York. It illustrates one of the pleasantest and prettiest phases of Paris life. It is trite to speak at this late day of the festive character of that brilliant city, or to dwell upon the elegance of its drives, its theatres, or its boulevards. The fresh, glittering streets, the gay *bonnes* with their little charges in the gardens of the Tuileries, the showy soldiers, all make striking points of interest to the stranger, to say nothing of the bright shops, or the open-air restaurants. But of a June day, under snowy white clouds, the sparkling freshness of poplar and maple trees, upon whose shining leaves no speck of dust ever has a chance to settle, Paris is gorgeous, and no point in it is more representative of its cheerful gaiety, a splendid kaleidoscope of life made up of trifles, than are its flower-markets.

Firmin-Girard has been very happy in the selection of his subject, and, while every Parisian would feel an echo in his own breast of the charm of this bright spot with its posies of every hue, arranged in various methods—from the spruce and stiff bouquet to the growing plant in its little pot of earth, and to great heaps of violets and roses—to a foreigner, and perhaps especially to every American, such a scene as this recalls all he most loves in connection with the great capital. In his picture, Firmin-Girard has mingled, in an appreciative manner, banks of flowers, and young Frenchwomen as gay as flowers, soft babies, looking like the great roly-poly rosebuds near them, and crisp brown countrywomen, well preserved and fresh-coloured, like the bunches of thyme, or immortelles or of marjoram, which they deal out to busy buyers. Lively boys, with barrows filled with common spring blossoms, are threading their way among the crowd, and pensive young children timidly hold up their little bunches of fragrant violets for sale. All classes, and much of the life of Paris, are here in epitome.

The point from which this picture is made is also interesting and characteristic. Looking down the Quai on the side of the Seine, in the Quartier Latin, the spectator sees near him the "Tribunal of Commerce," a French Mansard building, characteristic of modern Paris. A little below appear the round, pointed Horloge towers, whence was given the signal for the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; and to the right of the spectator, one of the new bridges across the Seine is descried, covered with omnibuses and pedestrians, and with one of the little ferry-boats, which are called *mouches*—"flies"—puffing in the river beneath. Far off in the distance are seen the square towers of the Louvre and the gardens of the Tuileries.

As a work of Art, this painting is elaborated with extraordinary fidelity, and the amount of its detail is almost excessive. We speak of it as a suggestion, a memory and a charming epitome of Parisian life, and it is more from its imaginative than its artistic excellence that the picture is valuable. One feels confused in looking at it, by the mixture of its lights and shadows, by the want of simple massing, both in its general tones and in its different distances, and the eye travels, wearied, from near bunches of flowers and groups of buildings, to far-off spaces of sky that crowd as near to the spectator as the objects in the foreground. The picture shows great precision in drawing details, patience, care, and fidelity to the scene, but, like other of the highly-elaborated works of many French artists, it seems to us greatly lacking in the higher artistic qualities of colour, of texture, and of breadth of light and shade. To those fond of Paris, and unacquainted with Art, the picture will be charming, while, to connoisseurs, the literary and imaginative conception of the picture and the associations it recalls make it a pleasant memory.

This painting was destined for the late Mr. A. T. Stewart, but, in consequence of his death, has been sold to another American collector, at the price, it is said, of \$22,500.



MURILLO, PINXT

P. LIGHTFOOT SCULPT

THE SPANISH FLOWER GIRL.

THE WORKS OF EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A.



DURING the last nine or ten years few pictures in the exhibition of the Royal Academy have received more marked attention from visitors than those from the hand of Mr. Poynter. He has introduced into the gallery a number of works to which, as regards both subject and character, it had been almost a stranger; while the absorbing interest of these pictures—rendered, as most of them are, with unquestionable mastery over all the technical qualities of good Art—amply justifies the special notice they received. Well trained in a school which, generally, admits of no getting rid of difficulties and labour by disingenuous practices—if such a term may be applied to what is called tricks of Art—or by ignoring its essential requirements, he has produced works that may take their

stand among the greatest this or any other country has produced in modern times, and of which we have reason to be proud.

Art, though of a different kind to that practised by Mr. Poynter, seems to have been inherited from his ancestors; for he is the son of Mr. Ambrose Poynter, architect, and the great-grandson of Thomas Banks, R.A., one of the most eminent sculptors of the last century, whose name appears on the list of the earliest members of the Royal Academy. He was born in Paris in 1836, but was taken over to England when an infant, and was there trained and educated. At the latter end of 1853 he went into Italy, where he passed the winter, and there formed the acquaintance of Mr. F. Leighton, R.A., who took the kindest interest in his studies, admitting him at all times into his studio. Mr. Leighton was then engaged upon his great work, 'The Proces-



The Catapult.

sion of Cimabue's Madonna through the Streets of Florence,' a picture which, when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855, took all the world by surprise, as coming from the hand of an artist whose name even was scarcely known in England: his example and influence had, no doubt, much weight in determining the resolution of Mr. Poynter to adopt Art as a profession. Accordingly, on his return to London he commenced

his studies in the academy of Mr. Leigh, Newman Street, and was afterwards for a year with Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, now R.A. In 1855 he obtained admission as a probationer into the schools of the Royal Academy, where he continued till the early part of the following year; but having visited Paris in the summer of 1855, when the International Exhibition was open, the pictures of the French school he saw there induced

him to form so high an estimate of its excellence, that Mr. Poynter obtained permission from his father to pursue his studies in Paris; in furtherance of this object he entered, in 1856, the atelier of M. Gleyre, of whom Delaroche formed so high an opinion as a master, that when the latter relinquished tuition he recommended his pupils to go to Gleyre. Later in the same year Mr. Poynter was admitted a student in the *École des Beaux Arts*; the four following years were spent by him in England and



The Festival.

France alternately. The first of his pictures exhibited in London, 'Two Italian Pifferari,' was painted in Paris in 1858, and was hung in the gallery of the British Institution in 1859. In 1860 he finally settled down in London. About that time the old abbey church at Waltham was being restored under the direction of Mr. William Burges, and Mr. Poynter was engaged to decorate the ceiling, for which he painted, on canvas, a large number of

pictures, nearly thirty we believe, the designs containing life-size figures; these canvases were fixed to the ceiling. He was also employed about the same time in making drawings for stained glass, and among these were four large historical subjects for windows in the Maison Dieu Hall at Dover, and two for windows in the church of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Henceforth we follow the footsteps of Mr. Poynter as he passes through the galleries of the Royal Academy, where he appeared for the first time in 1861, in a small picture, called 'Alla Veneziana;' which was succeeded, in 1862, by two works, 'Heaven's Messenger,' and 'The Bunch of Blue Ribbons.' His two pictures in the Academy in 1864 were the first to gain any special attention: 'The Siren,' a nude figure of great beauty, holding a harp in her hand; and 'On Guard, in the Time of the Pharaohs,' an Egyptian soldier standing sentinel on a watchtower: this last work was the forerunner of several pictures carrying back the spectator to a country and a chronology almost strange to modern Art—at least, as Mr. Poynter showed them—both in time and place. Before, however, resorting again to the land of the Pharaohs, he exhibited, in 1865, a subject recalling to mind the destruction of Pompeii: it was called 'Faithful unto Death.' The subject is explained by the artist himself, who appended to the title of the picture the following explanation:—"In carrying on the excavations near the Herculanean Gate of Pompeii, the skeleton of a soldier in full armour was discovered. Forgotten in the terror and confusion that reigned during the destruction of the city, the sentinel had received no order to quit his post, and while all sought their safety in flight, he remained faithful to his duty, notwithstanding the certain doom which awaited him." The man, a true hero, swerves not from his fidelity to his trust, though the burning red liquid streams along the corridor, carrying terror and destruction with it, as evidenced by dead bodies already lying around him. There is unflinching firmness manifest in the expression of the man's face, and in the attitude of every limb: but the picture is not agreeable to contemplate, as much from the necessary prevalence of strong red colour, as from its painful association with what may be called a living death.

Passing over Mr. Poynter's only contribution to the Academy in 1866, 'Offerings to Isis,' with the simple remark that it is a very skilful rendering of a novel, peculiar, yet most attractive subject; we come to a work showing still more all these qualities, and which formed a prominent and striking feature in the Academy Exhibition of the following year; the title of the picture, 'Israel in Egypt,' might reasonably suggest other incidents, showing the bondage endured by the Hebrews in the land wherein their great forefather Joseph once ruled "as a king," than that the artist has presented: in which, as related in the Book of Exodus, they are indeed "serving with rigour:" a "gang" of the unhappy slaves being harnessed together, and cruelly driven by the overseer's lash while dragging a colossal granite lion to its place in a temple that occupies the background of the composition, and which appears to be standing on the bank of the Nile. Not only the subject of this remarkable picture, in all its great variety of details, but the manner in which it is placed on the canvas, would fully justify almost any length of comment; it must, however, suffice to say that everywhere it shows ample evidence of the painter's mastery over all the technicalities which combine to make Art good and acceptable.

Designed in a somewhat similar spirit is the picture engraved on the preceding page, 'THE CATAPULT,' contributed to the Academy in 1868; if the subject is less interesting than that last referred to, the work shows quite as much artistic power and diligent study of details. The huge, ungainly, warlike machine is certainly not picturesque, and intrudes on the eye unpleasantly with its mass of ponderous beams intersecting each other in almost every direction; and it is to the base of the composition we must look, chiefly, for the display of the artist's knowledge and skill, in the drawing of the Roman soldiers, and in their harmonious arrangement; here, without any unnecessary anatomical display, "there is a just sense of composing lines in the radiating arms, legs, and *torsi* of the figures."

The next step in Mr. Poynter's art, though he did not forsake

altogether those he had hitherto practised, passed more immediately into that of classic legend or fiction; but the works he had already produced gained for him admission into the ranks of the Royal Academy; for in January, 1869, he was elected Associate of that institution. The first of the mythological subjects, 'Proserpine,' appeared in the Academy exhibition of that year, and was followed in 1870 by a small but lovely little picture 'Andromeda,' beautiful in colour and deeply expressive of sadness in the half-turned head of the captive. With it the artist sent his two cartoons, 'St. George' and 'Fortitude,' designed for mosaics in the central hall of the House of Commons. 'The Suppliant to Venus' (1871) is another of Mr. Poynter's small but specially-attractive pictures. Cupid stands in the portico of a classic temple rapt in devotion before the goddess of beauty, who, partially clothed in leopard-skin, "glows in colour;" the tessellated floor, the marble columns, the blue sea, and golden sky traced with purple clouds, are wrought into a most harmonious composition. 'Feeding the Sacred Ibis in the Hall of Karnac,' engraved in the *Art Journal* (Old Series) for 1874, was exhibited with it.

The most daring attempt the painter had yet made in the matter of mythological art was his large picture 'Perseus and Andromeda,' contributed to the Academy in 1872. "The applause which greets Mr. Poynter on the score of this performance will resound through a long hereafter, not for any high quality in the art or happiness in his reading of the story, but simply because he has undertaken the subject at all." Such were the remarks that prefaced the notice of the picture in this Journal at the time of its exhibition. Andromeda appears chained to a rock, according to the story; the sea dragon, a veritable sea monster, is almost within reach of his victim when her deliverer is seen descending from the clouds upon the enemy, brandishing in his hand the weapon wherewith the dragon is to be slain. There is unquestionable grandeur in the whole design and much beauty of colour, especially in the figure of Andromeda; but objection may be legitimately taken to the enormous size of the monster compared with that of Perseus; the disproportion is so great one can scarcely expect that even this son of Jupiter could prevail over his antagonist, which also occupies too much of the canvas to render the composition harmonious as to scale: the two figures seem to have but a secondary place. It is but fair to add that the great length of the canvas, prescribed by the wall space it had to fill, must have increased the difficulties of the composition.

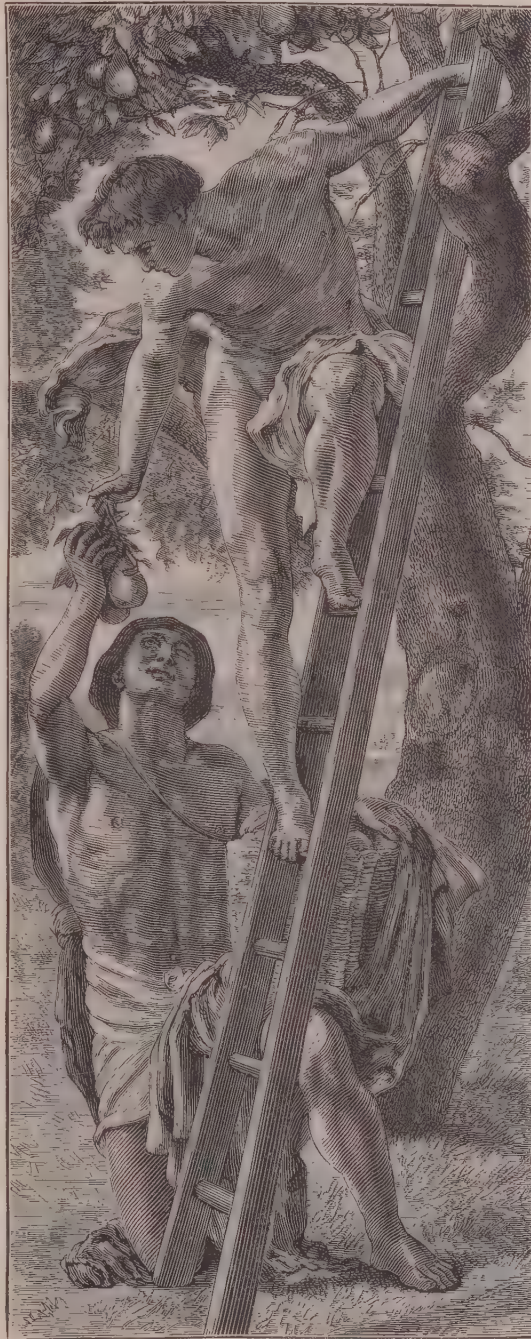
As a companion picture to this last, Mr. Poynter painted, and sent to the Academy in 1873, 'The Fight between More, of More Hall, and the Dragon of Wantley,' a very large composition and of ambitious pretensions, lacking but little to make it most successful, and the little refers more to the quality of portions of the work than to anything else.

'Rhodope' is a small figure of elegant design; it was the artist's solitary contribution to the Academy in 1874: in the next year he sent the pair of subjects introduced on these pages, 'THE FESTIVAL,' and the 'GOLDEN AGE;' in the former we see two Greek girls decorating an apartment with flowers, in the latter two youths are gathering fruit from a large tree in an orchard. It is in compositions such as these that Mr. Poynter shows his skill as a most graceful designer and masterly draughtsman. The arrangement of these figures and their harmony of form entitle each group to all the praise which could be bestowed on them. 'Atalanta's Race,' the artist's last great work, must be so fresh in the memory of a very large number of readers as to render any explanatory description quite needless; it will suffice to say that it was one of the very few remarkable pictures in the Academy last year.

Besides the works to which reference has been made, Mr. Poynter has been a frequent exhibitor in both oil and water-colour paintings at the Dudley Gallery. The mosaic figures, representing respectively 'Phidias' and 'Apelles,' executed for the South Kensington Museum; and the architectural and pictorial decorations of the Refreshment Room, are also from his designs. His works of every kind testify no less to the grace

of his pencil than to his artistic learning and most attractive manner of displaying it. He is one, among a limited class of painters, who seek rather to obtain the good opinion of the comparatively few qualified to estimate aright the real merits of a picture than the applause of the indiscriminating multitude.

When, three or four years ago, the "Slade" Professorship of Art was founded at the schools of University College, Mr. Poynter was elected to fill the chair; he resigned this post about



The Golden Age.

a year or so since, when he received the appointment of Director of the Art Schools, under the Department of Science and Art, at South Kensington Museum, on the resignation of Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A.: it would have been a very difficult matter to find an artist so eminently fitted in every way for such a position. Last year the Royal Academy elected him Academician.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

TRADITIONS OF CHRISTIAN ART.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

CHAPTER VI.

RENAISSANCE PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES.



WE have already, in the last paper, entered upon that great period of mediæval Art which began with Giotto and culminated in Raphael; a period during which the power of noble conception of a subject, and the power of adequate artistic expression, were combined to a degree never before or since attained. But it was the long line of Art traditions which led up to this period. Giotto and his followers were the heirs of all the ages of Christian Art; their minds were fed upon its legends, and their taste trained in its forms; the traditions of mediæval Art were the basis of their originality and inventiveness; while the technical skill which they attained enabled them to give adequate expression to the mediæval conceptions. It is curious to see, in many of the pictures, how the traditional portion of it and the later additions can be separated, and what a manifest superiority there sometimes exists of the one over the other.

In the present paper, which is the last of this series, we continue our illustrations of this period of Art. We shall see how the Art gradually prevails over the religious idea; how the painter begins to think more about introducing picturesque episodes in his picture than about representing the great subject of the picture to the spectator's mind; how gradually he cares more and more about drawing, perspective, composition, gorgeous colour, than about anything else; until at last it is not Art which does its best to represent a Gospel story to the soul, but the Gospel story which is made the occasion for a display of artistic skill to the senses. But even to the last we shall find the influence of the ancient traditions largely modifying the artist's conceptions of his subject, and many passages which seem at first sight original, are only novel modes of using some suggestion of ancient legend or design.

A Book of Hours of the Blessed Virgin Mary of early fifteenth century date, in the British Museum (Addl. 16997, f. 68), supplies our first illustration (Fig. 1). Under a rude shed the Virgin is seated



Fig. 1.—From a Book of Hours (Addl. MS. 16997, f. 68): Fifteenth Century.

—on the left of the picture—with the Child on her lap. Joseph's head is just seen behind. The elder king, in royal mantle with ermine cape, his crown placed on the ground beside him, kneels on one knee, and offers his gold coins in a covered vessel, which the Infant takes hold of in an infant-like manner. The second

king has his hand raised to his crown, as if about to take it off preparatory to presenting his frankincense, in a vessel like a pyx or ciborium. The third king is habited in a long red gown, with ermine-bordered sleeves, and looks very much like the portraits of Henry V. The ox and ass are seen over the coarse wattled enclosure of the shed. In the background is a landscape of hills and trees, with a city in the purple distance. The

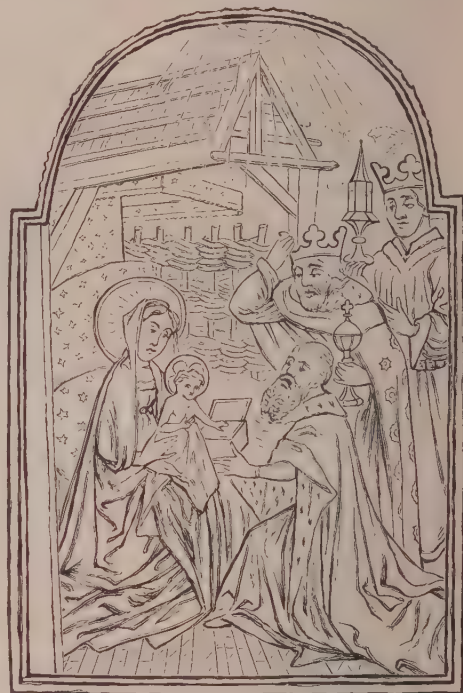


Fig. 2.—From a Book of Hours (Harl. MS. 2971, f. 65): Fifteenth Century.

Epiphany star sheds long golden rays towards the Holy Child. It is a beautiful miniature, delicately drawn and charmingly coloured.

We point out a few other examples in the illuminated MSS. in the British Museum, in the hope of inducing Englishmen to visit and enjoy these treasures of ancient Art, so accessible and yet so little known. We direct attention to a Book of Hours (Addl. 19416) of about the middle of the fifteenth century. The visitor's attention will be arrested first by the pretty-enamelled clasp of the volume. At f. 620 he will find the miniature of our subject. Here also the Blessed Virgin Mary, placed under a shed with wattled sides, is sitting up in bed, on the left. The Child stands on the bed, with one hand blessing, the other accepting the gold. Joseph sits beside, an old man with a staff. The foremost king is an elderly man in red robe with ermine cape; he offers a covered cup containing gold coins: the other kings stand behind, crowned, holding cups in their hands. The one nearest the spectator, in short green gown with red hose, looks, it must be confessed, very little like the Eastern king of the date of the Christian era. The heads of two horses, and part of an attendant, are seen over the shoulder of a hill in the background.

The Book of Hours, 2884, is of a few years later date than the preceding, and ruder in its execution. In its version of our subject (f. 780) the Virgin is seated on a cushion placed in the green field, with no sheltering shed or canopy. The Child sits in her lap, in the same attitude as in the last picture. The elder king is kneeling, the others stand behind. A rude indication of

* Concluded from page 8.

rocky landscape, with a town on a hill, forms the background. In the Book of Hours (Harl. 2971) of the latter half of the fifteenth century (f. 65), the elder king kneels and offers his gold in a square casket, which the Child accepts with one hand, blessing with the other (Fig. 2). The other two, as usual, stand behind, one with his hand to his crown. Joseph and the ox and ass are not represented in the picture. The Virgin sits on the left, apparently on the side of a bed, gorgeously covered and canopied with red, powdered with stars, contrasting with the rude shed, with coarse wattled sides, under which it is placed. The floor is paved in small squares of two shades of green. A landscape is rudely indicated as a background.

Our next illustration is taken from the late fifteenth-century MS. Book of Hours, Egerton 2125 f., 182 v. (Fig. 3). It contains miniatures more beautifully executed than any of those which we have hitherto quoted. The Virgin is seated on the right, under a half-ruinous shed, with broken brick walls and torn thatch, the Child reclines on her lap. The elder king, with a face full of character, is reverently kissing the Child's foot, who playfully puts his little hand on the old man's head in

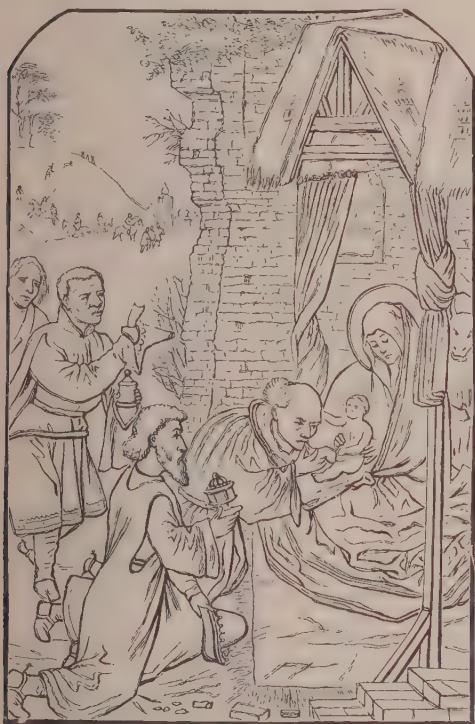


Fig. 3.—From a Book of Hours (MS. Egerton 2125): Fifteenth Century.

blessing. The second king, with his crowned hat doffed, kneels, waiting his turn to pay his homage; he is a young man, with full hair and beard, contrasting admirably with the fine old man's head with its few grey hairs. The third king stands with his hat in one hand and his offering in the other. He is an African in feature and complexion. This is the form which the legend finally assumed. We have seen that the Magi were very early assumed to be three in number; then they were taken to have been kings, and connected with their royalty was the idea that they came from different countries of the East; next they are made to represent the three ages of man—youth, manhood, and age; lastly, they are made to represent the three quarters of the known world, Asia, Europe, and Africa, thus more completely to satisfy the idea of their representative character as the firstfruits of all mankind.* Behind the third king

is another person, probably an attendant. The ass and ox are seen within the shed. In the background is a city and a landscape, and a caravan of horses and camels indicates the journey of the Magi.

A picture by Domenico Ghirlandajo (1449-98) represents a ruined palace in the middle of the picture, with a shed erected within the ruins. The horses of the kings and their train are stabled in the shed, and an ox and ass are lying down in it. In front the Virgin is seated on an architectural fragment, with her full front to the spectator. A different order is observed in the approach of the kings. It is the king of middle age who is worshipping; the youthful king, with a beautiful face, kneels behind him, a negro page taking off his crown; the aged king stands third, waiting for his turn. Attendants and guards are grouped about, with minor incidents, making up a fine picture, but open to the criticism that it is one of those of which we have spoken as possessing more artistic merit than religious feeling.

A picture by Filippino Lippi (A.D. 1460-1505), in the Florence Gallery (engraved by Ranalli), somewhat resembles in its general design one by Fra Angelico (*See previous chapter*). Instead of the stone building in the middle of the picture, we have an indication of a shed with torn thatched roof, under which the Virgin is seated. Joseph stands behind the Virgin. The first king kneels in front, as in Fra Angelico, and is about to kiss the Child's feet, and the two other kings stand right and left. Numerous attendants, grouped with skill, and with a good deal of minor incident among them, fill the picture; the journey of the kings is indicated in the background. It is doubtless a fine picture, but it is noticeable that we have reached times when the great object of the artist was rather to display his art than to tell his story; and, as a consequence, while we find much merit in the picture as a work of Art, its religious feeling is far inferior to that of earlier and ruder compositions.

One of the grand series of fresco paintings which adorn the cloister walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa, represents the subject painted by Benozzo Gozzoli (whose latest works are c. 1480). The picture is a very fine one (Fig. 4). On the right is the grotto of Bethlehem—which has appeared in our series in the Greek Menology of the eleventh century, and in the Pisa pulpit panel—and it is combined with the rude thatched shed which is usual in the paintings of this date, the shed being made to form a kind of lofty porch in front of the cave. The Virgin is seated on the extreme right of the picture, a dignified and beautiful figure; the Child, seated on her lap, holds, with his left hand resting on his knee, the vase which the first king has presented, and extends towards him the right hand in benediction. The first king, a dignified man of mature age, with long beard, and hair falling in ringlets, kneels on both knees, with his hands together in the attitude of adoration: his crown lies on the ground beside him. Behind him stands Joseph leaning on his staff. In the background of the grotto are the ox and ass, and a group of angels adoring. Other angels appear in the air above the grotto, and the Star above them. This panel of the picture, framed off from the rest by a tall poplar tree, forms a beautiful group. The second king kneels on one knee behind the first, still wearing his crown, and holding the covered cup which contains his present. The third king stands waiting his turn. The second king is middle aged, and the third youthful, but with nothing to indicate an Ethiopian origin. Behind the third king is a long train of horsemen, stretching far back into a defile of the mountainous background. A picturesque incident in the composition is that a page kneels and unfastens the spurs of the third king. The design is very dignified and beautiful, as represented in the fine engraving of Lasinio's grand work, "Pitture a fresco del Campo Santo di Pisa, da Carlo Lasinio." Firenze, 1812.

In the Florence gallery (1261) is a long picture by Signorelli (A.D. 1441-1524), in which the thirteenth and fourteenth-century grouping is well preserved (Fig. 5). The Blessed Virgin sits on the right, at the entrance to the thatched shed of the simplest con-

* Our object does not require that we should carry the matter further, but we may state in a note that the mind of man had not yet exhausted its fancy on the subject. Some of the latest miracle-plays began to open quite a new vein of meaning, theological and philosophical. One legend makes the infant Saviour give the Magi gifts in return; for their gold, charity and spiritual riches; for their incense, faith; and

for their myrrh, truth and meekness. A French play makes the three kings the representatives of certain philosophical virtues, the aged king of Philosophy, the second of Tribulation, and the youth of Inspiration.

struction, within which are an ox and ass. She holds the naked infant between her knees (as in Giotto's picture) for the first king to adore. The Infant is younger, and its attitude more infantine, than in any other picture of the whole series. The first king kneels before the Child, not offering, nor kissing its foot. Joseph

group, and the kings are distinguished only by their presents. The three ages are still observed. Attendants on horseback are behind, and also stretch over the group in the foreground.

The Dresden gallery has a beautiful picture of the subject by Francia, which has lately been engraved by Arnold, of Dresden.

The Virgin is seated on the steps of a ruined building; behind are two shepherds, with the ox and ass. The third king is a negro. Attendants, camels, and horses, fill up the picture, which has a landscape background.

In one of Lucca della Robbia's fine terra-cotta works in the South Kensington Museum, the Virgin is seated on the right of the picture; the Child stands on her knee, holding fast by the Virgin with the left hand with a very natural infantine grasp, and extending the other in Divine benediction. The first king, an aged man, kneels and adores; Joseph, standing behind the Virgin's chair, and nimbed like the Virgin and the Child, holds the cup which this king has presented. The second king, a middle-aged man in a turban, and the third king, who is represented as quite youthful, stand holding the covered ciboria containing their gifts. Attendants are shown at the sides, and a landscape with trees forms the background. In the distance is represented, after the fashion of the art of this period, the earlier scene of the history, the kings and their attendants on horseback journeying towards Bethlehem.

The famous triptych in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges, painted by Memling, A.D. 1479, and well known by the Arundel Society's publication of it, places the Virgin in the middle of

the picture; the Child sits on her lap, and the first king, an aged man with a very naturalistic countenance, kneeling, kisses the Child's foot. A man stands behind, holding the ciborium which the king has presented. A comparison with other pictures of this time, *e.g.* with the terra-cotta just described, enables us to say without doubt that this man is intended to represent Joseph. The second king, clothed in scarlet, with an ermine cape, kneels on the left, holding an embossed cylindrical gold vessel. The third king, a negro, enters on the right. Attendants are seen through the doors and windows, and on the right, at a window, kneels the donor of the picture.

In Paolo Veronese's great picture (1528-88), in the National Gallery, the background is a fragment of a grand building with fluted columns and Corinthian capitals, in place of the thatched shed is a drapery extended on a rude frame. The Virgin sits on the right, and holds the naked Infant on her lap. Joseph stands behind, lifting the veil to disclose the Divine Infant. The ox and ass are introduced. The first king, aged, with white flowing beard and ample ermine-lined draperies kneels with folded hands and kisses the Infant's foot; an attendant removes his crown. The second king, middle aged, kneels on one knee behind him, bareheaded, and a page holds his crown; behind him stands the turbaned Moor, taking his present from the hands of a messenger. Helmeted guards, horses and camels, instead of filling the greater part of the canvas, are only indicated by heads, which fill in the design. It is a very fine modern rendering of the subject. There are several other pictures of the subject by Veronese, in which he has still further departed from the traditional grouping.

In a picture by Baldassare Peruzzi, in the "Stafford Gallery" (vol. i., 3), there is an architectural composition in the middle of the picture, in front of which sits the Virgin, full face. The first king adores, approaching from the left of the picture. The other kings stand, one on the left, and the other on the right; second king's crown lifted from his head by attendant; third takes present from another attendant. The journey of the kings is indicated in the background.

A pax, attributed to Maso Finguerra, preserved at Florence (fifteenth century), presents for the first time an entirely novel conception of the subject. It breaks up the traditional grouping



Fig. 4.—Fresco from the Campo Santo, Pisa.

appears at the back of this group; the third king stands behind the first, and the second king stands at the back of the group, both holding their presents covered—a very charming group. The attendants on the left form a distinct group, with an interval between the two groups. The whole is a very simple and charming reproduction of the traditional elements and grouping; a few trees are indicated in the background.

A picture by Antonio Razzi (1477-1549), in the Sienna Gallery, has on the left a broken arch, and a rude shed with torn thatch, in front of which the Virgin is seated. She holds the naked Infant on her knee with one hand, and the first present (a small cup) in the other. Joseph stands behind with his staff. The first king kneels, and holding the Infant's foot, kisses it; his crowned turban is on the ground beside him. The second king is in the background of the group. The third king, a beautiful youth, comes with an attitude of rapid motion, which reminds us of the earliest representations. These principal personages fill up the front of the lofty picture; behind them is a crowd of



Fig. 5.—From a Painting by Signorelli.

attendants with horses and camels, and a landscape background.

In the subject as treated by Raphael (c. 1510), in the "Lodges" of the Vatican, the traditional conception is almost gone. The Virgin still sits on the left, in front of a mass of architectural ruin, and Joseph stands behind, looking at the first king's present, a covered jar. The three kings, with some attendants, all in the conventional Renaissance costume, are kneeling in a

of the kings, and brings each upon the stage separately, with his special group of attendants. The cut is one of the illustrations of De la Croix's "Military and Religious Life in the Middle Ages," of which an English translation was published somewhat recently by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

A picture by Salomon Koninck (engraved in the "Musée Napoleon," vol. vii.) adopts the idea of the separation of the kings into three groups. The scene (Fig. 6) is laid in the interior of the ruined building we have so often seen in the background: the shed is on the left, with the ox and ass in it; the Virgin is seated outside. Joseph stands behind her. The first king is in the act of presenting his vase, and a page holds his train. The second king is the principal figure of another group at a little distance: a page bears his train, and an attendant gives him

the present. Farther off the third king enters the building through one of its open arches; an umbrella is borne over his head, and he is surrounded by his attendants. The interior of the building is filled by these various groups, and it is an interesting and meritorious design.

Picture by Guido Reni (1575—1642) in the "Hermitage Gallery." Column of building and shed indicated. Virgin seated on right; aged king kneels with extended hands, and adores; second king stands in background, and the young negro a little farther back still; a page holds the first king's crown, and a negro hands the third king's present. The principal figures nearly fill the canvas. In the style of Paolo Veronese's great picture.

In the gallery at Madrid is a Velasquez (1599—1660), in which the subject is almost entirely modernised. The ruined building



Fig. 6.—From a painting by Salomon Koninck.

has become a plain massive wall and arch, through which a landscape is seen. The Virgin is seated with her foot on a prostrate column, a little to the right of the middle of the picture, almost full face, and Joseph is introduced a little behind on the right. The kings are a group of three men of modern physiognomy and costume (they may very likely be portraits); one is a negro. The fourteenth-century grouping is followed, the negro standing in the background: there is only one attendant. The feeling is grave and solemn, but too modern to convey the history.

A Rubens in the "Madrid Gallery" gives two great fluted columns on the left as the representative of the ruined building and a wooden roof carried on brackets, and with torn thatch represents the mediæval shed. Here, for the first time, the Blessed Virgin is not seated, but stands, supporting the naked Infant, who is

placed on folded drapery on a stone bench. The middle-aged king is offering gold in a covered cup; the aged king stands behind him; the turbaned Moor stands in the back part of the group. One of the earlier incidents is introduced, a page taking off the aged king's hat. On the draperies of the kings Rubens has bestowed his accustomed richness of brocades, and turbans, and feathers, and gold. The picture is filled up with attendants. Two in the foreground, half-naked, are laying down one a great sack, the other an ironbound coffer; two others are lowering a great pack from a camel's back; they contain, we may suppose, the bulk of the presents, of which the kings present only a representative portion. Horses, men, and camels, in picturesque confusion, fill up the canvas. Two child-angels float overhead. The whole scene is by night, and is

lighted up with torches and cressets (vol. ii. "Madrid Gallery," pl. 86).

An 'Epiphany,' by Albert Durer, in the "Florence Gallery" (engraved by Ranalli), has much originality in the treatment of the traditional elements of the subject. The background is formed by the dilapidated walls and arches of an extensive building; a shed of planks is reared against one of these walls; on the left of the picture is the stable of the inn, the ox and ass are in it. The Virgin sits in front of it, holding the Child in her lap. One king kneels, holding a casket; the Child is grasping the lid of it with a gesture childlike, but wanting in the dignity of the earlier tradition; the king, too, is rather looking with interest at the Child than adoring. The Virgin's matronly figure and face are pleasing, but lack dignity and religious feeling. The second king, with the long hair and beard characteristic of Melchior, holds a large, handsome vase; he looks at the third king, a negro who stands a little on the right. The attendants are indicated in the background, at the gate, and in the street of the city. The picture is dated 1504.

Poussin has a picture (engraved in the "Illustrations of the Bible," 4to, London, 1840). In the background is a ruined building, which has been temporarily fitted with planked roof and door for a stable. On the left sits the Virgin, with Joseph standing behind her chair with his staff; she holds the naked infant on her lap. The kings, with attendants, form a kneeling group, one a young negro, not distinguished by costume;

another group of attendants on horseback is represented in the background.

Thus we have pursued our subject over a very wide range—from the second century to the sixteenth—from Persia to Spain, and from Nubia to Northumbria, and yet we have by no means exhausted it; we have been obliged to compress much in the space we have travelled over, and we have left whole regions yet untrodden. We have abstained from touching upon the popular superstitions connected with the Magi, or upon the social customs connected with the Feast of the Epiphany, each of which would open up another wide field of research. If the reader desires to pursue the subject further, we commend him to a work entitled "*Primitiæ Gentium, sive Historia et Encomium SS. Trium Regum Majorum Evangelicorum*," by R. P. Herman Crombach, Cologne, 1654, in three volumes folio, in which the reverend father begins the subject before the creation of the world, when the Divine predestination first elected these three Magi to be the first fruits of the Gentiles, and carries on the subject down to his own day. And when the reader has digested Crombach, he may accompany the Magi on their supposed travels far and wide with Schulting in his "*Bibliotheca Ecclesiast.*" (ii., 181); and may specially consult Tablouski (Opp. ii., 265) as to their doings in the Moluccas. And, finally, he may search the European libraries, and galleries, and Art museums, and Continental churches, and add indefinitely to the illustrations of the subject, which we have been able within our brief limits to adduce.

ART IN ROME.



TWO of the colossal statues designed for the *Quadruporticus* of the cemetery of Campo Verano are still in the studio of the sculptor, Prof. Fabi-Altini, who has nearly completed them. They are 'Meditation' and 'Prayer,' and fill, with their lofty height and size, the high-walled *atelier* formerly occupied by St. Gaudeus, and where, when I had last entered it, stood his vivid representation of 'Hiawatha.' The ideal Indian was a fitting subject for an American sculptor, and suggested a range of ideas widely differing from those inspired by the allegorical figures that have taken its place.

'Meditation' is grand in her embodiment of intense, solemn thoughtfulness; while 'Prayer,' with her supplicating but restless attitude, and eyes turned in search of God, symbolises the disposition of mind that alone can give a reasonableness and suggestion of comfort to the despairing mourner.

In the adjoining studio of Prof. Fabi-Altini, the marble-cutters are at work upon a figure lovely enough to be the representative water-nymph of the famous Sorrento shore. It is Galatea, and she is resting upon a rock, in a graceful, sitting attitude, holding in one hand above her head the drapery which falls thence in widening folds over her back and the rock, leaving the rest of the figure almost entirely revealed. Sea-emblems adorn her head and the base of the rock. A certain aristocracy of expression, blended with grace of figure, shows her deity origin and Venus-like attributes. It is not only thus a beautifully-proportioned female figure, but it is a *Galatea*, and in contemplating it we cannot but reflect upon the lasting hold obtained over all succeeding ages by the poetical fables of antiquity.

A permanent Art-exhibition, under the auspices of the International Art Association, has been established. In its first phase, before the changing of the works exhibited, which will occur in proportion to their purchase and removal, while there are no very large and striking paintings, there are some of a high order. The first room is devoted to water-colours, the next two to oil-paintings, and the last two to sculpture, majolica, and other objects of Art-industry.

Most prominent among the water-colours is, perhaps, 'A Scene on the Grand Canal of Venice,' by Cipriani, where a lady in a rich though closed gondola is extending her hand from the window to bestow alms upon a poor man in an adjoining gondola. The

water, distant edifices, sky, and bright light, of this finished painting, make it a very pleasing one. 'A Street in Rocca di Papa,' by Franz Roesler, is admirably rendered, as well as a similar subject by Simone, where a daring sunbeam penetrates and crosses a narrow, obscure *via* in the village of Ferentino. Another representation of Italian architecture is by Carlandi. In his usual style a simple ruin is given, sombre and impressive with feeling.

An oil-painting, by Tusquets, of a 'Village Kitchen,' with the mother, little daughter, baby, utensils, and accessories, is characteristically represented; the tone of the room, an appropriate, rich brown, is marred by the inaccuracy of the floor-lines, giving, by its excessive slope to the foreground, a falling effect to the central object, the baby in its cradle. The same depth of colouring, with more correct perspective, is seen in another work by this artist, entitled the 'Street-Sweepings of the Via Toledo' (Naples). A motley pile, indeed, of thrown-away objects have these poor, Neapolitan rag-collectors obtained and brought together in the squalid room of their obscure dwelling!

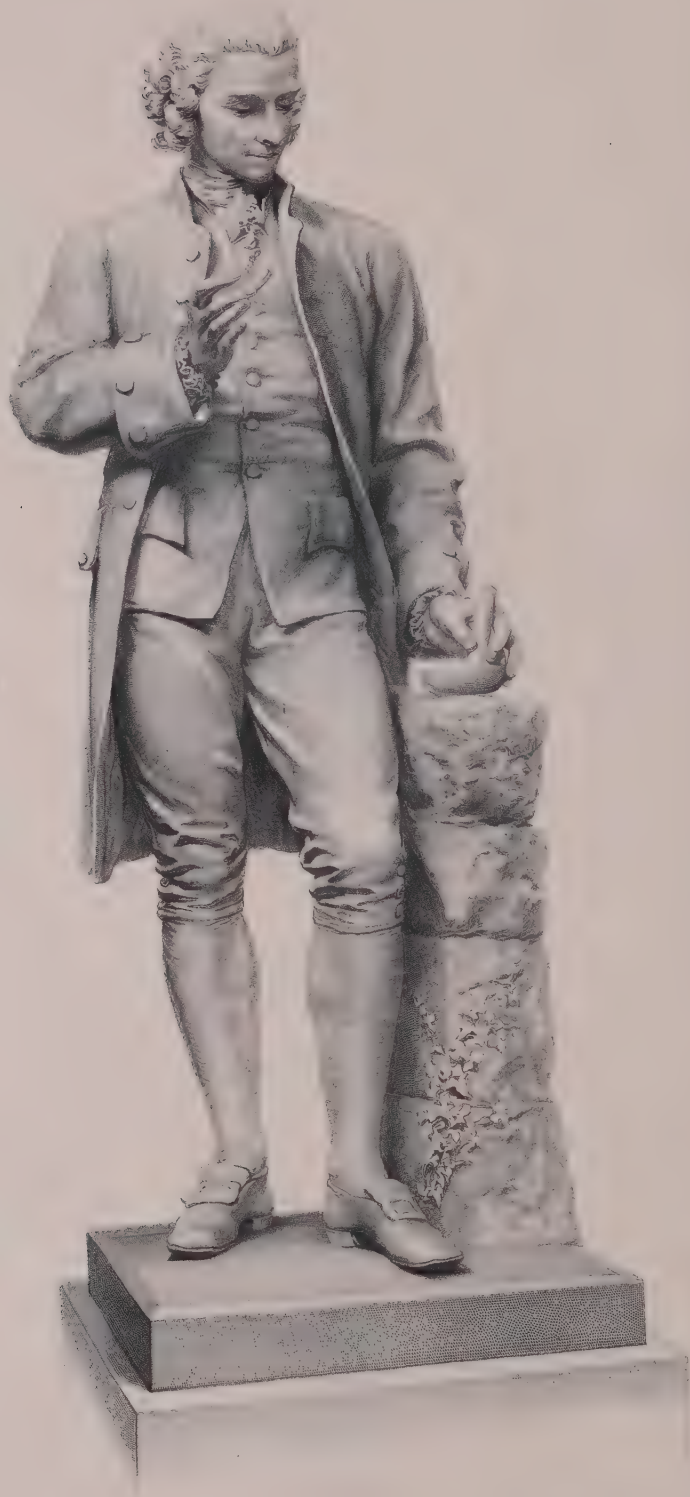
Quite in contrast is Scifoni's 'Vestal,' a radiant beauty in brilliant, Roman folds of drapery, seated, meditating, doubtless, since the Latin words are cut below,* that it is sweet to die unless one is wed in happy nuptials. In this painting all is fresh and bright, as if the marble, pillared temple, the vestal herself, and her garments, were all quite new. Scifoni, although this painting will doubtless please many and readily find a purchaser, has made a greater success in another work in the exhibition, an imitation of a Roman mosaic-painting. It is simply the full face and bust of a sweet young girl, but, in endeavouring to repeat exactly the old-time tints of an ancient mosaic, he has obtained soft, true colours.

Vannutelli has sent a few of his smaller works; as usual, the objects and figures stand out from the canvas with the force of reality.

Sciuti is represented by his 'Preparations for a Festival,' in an ancient temple, effective with colour and the costumes of that epoch, as also with the grand, columnar architecture of the interior of such an edifice. Sciuti has closely studied Roman and Greek customs, and has received many prizes for his paintings, usually of similar subjects.

Another representation of antiquity gives us a street in Pompeii,

* "*Felices nuptæ moriar nisi nubere dulce est.*"



DR PRIESTLEY.

DESIGNED BY J. STODART FROM THE STATUE BY J. F. WILLIAMSON

with appropriate dwellings and shops, upon which the signs and inscriptions are written in red, as modern excavations have shown them to have been; but, instead of the dead stillness of the unearthed city in its present state, the painting shows it to us full of life. A gymnast, with his family, daughters, boys, trained donkey and monkey, is entertaining the residents and passers-by with feats of skill, music upon quaint instruments, and dancing. The artist is Signor Faustini, and he certainly understands the management of light, judging from this work.

Two small, neighbouring paintings by Cavaliere Mariani are, in some respects, as perfect as any in the exhibition. They are representations—one, of several courtiers of the sixteenth century, before a royal family in a palace hall; while the other is of the same period, and is entitled the 'Heir of Glory.' A mother is showing her little son the arms and relics of his father's heroism and honours.

A recent Art-visitor to Rome has received the honorary membership of the International Art Association. It was Commendatore Morelli, of Naples, who came on behalf of the committee in charge of the Naples Art-Exhibition of 1877, which, as he explained to the International Association, he hoped would not consist alone of objects of the *arte nobile*, accessible only to the rich, but also of the Art of the people, *for the people*!

At the same time with the exhibition of modern Art in Naples, it has been decided to exhibit also objects of ancient Art, with especial reference to the illustration of the monumental history in Southern Italy. The Mediæval and Renaissance Museum of Rome will send an interesting and appropriate collection.

In this extensive museum daily instruction is given in the application of design to the industrial Arts—in wax-modelling and in enamelling metals. The course has recently been connected with the evening schools for artisans, the graduates of which can attend also the course at the museum, which demands thorough previous instruction.

These artisan schools are among the most useful institutions of the city; they were commenced very modestly a few years ago, and are now assiduously attended by more than two hundred persons. The locale is in *Piazza Trinità dei Pellegrini*. During the first and second years the chief study is geometry, as developed in ornamental work. In the third year there are special branches, according to the profession chosen by the pupils. Some model forms in plaster, or wax-models for the chisel, while others sculpture capitals in marble.

Italy does much for the incitement, especially of young artists, to work, by the frequent offering of prizes of more or less value. Several Art-patrons have left considerable sums of money to be applied in this way to the encouragement of Art in its different branches. Thus, the Royal Institute of Fine Arts in Rome now invites Italian artists to compete for the prize instituted by the late academic counsellor, Luigi Canonica, and gives the subjects for 1877. In architecture, the plan of an extensive villa, with dependencies and grounds, supposed to be situated on the shore of a lake, is demanded for the prize of 1,100 lire (\$220). In painting, the subject must be drawn from Italian history, with not fewer than three figures, for the prize of 2,400 lire (\$480), since the Academy adds 1,300 to the 1,100 lire assigned by Canonica. Accurate dimensions and descriptions are adjoined to these invitations.

The prizes instituted by Cavaliere Enrico Milvius, and to be

given in 1877, are for fresco-paintings and *genre* works in oil. The frescoes are to be painted upon an elliptical form of cement, with iron framework, which the Institute will supply to the candidates. The subject for 1876 was the portrait of Titian, half figure; and for 1877 is given that of Leonardo da Vinci. The intention is to insert the successful works in the upper porticoes of the Brera Gallery in Milan.

The programme for the *genre* paintings, in which all artists, foreign as well as Italian, are invited to compete, is very well arranged. Each candidate-work must be accompanied by a motto, a sealed letter (the same motto written upon its outside, and within the name, country, and residence, of the artist), and an open description of the subject and intention of the work, that the judges may be able to compare this with the execution. Only the letters bearing the same mottoes with works which obtain the prize will be opened. The successful paintings become the property of the Academy, and are distinguished in the subsequent exhibition of the works by a crown and the name of the artist. The subjects are left to the choice of the artists, except that they must contain at least three figures, and be liable to no objection morally.

The sculptor W. W. Story has left his former studio, and established himself in one of the spacious new villas in the modern quarter. The ground-floor is filled, through a series of rooms, with the artist's works, while the upper stories form his residence.

In the principal exhibition-room of this extensive *atelier* we behold again the illustrious semicircle of Eastern beauties, so often described by Art-correspondents, the latest addition to which is the spirit-form of Alcestis, as she was brought back from the other world by Hercules. The sculptor has well rendered the lineaments of one noble enough to die for her husband, and revisiting the sphere of her mortal existence after immortal experiences. The solid marble still conveys the impression of lightness, as if she might vanish if touched.

Monteverde, one of the most prominent living Italian sculptors, has also established himself in the same new *piazza* (Indipendenza). His works show a remarkable combination, in some examples, of the realistic and ideal methods. One, the 'Genius of Franklin,' created a profound impression through Italy, at its exhibition, a few years since. A spirited angel is absorbed in his task of drawing the lightning from the sky, by means of a rod attached to the representation of a roof. The limbs of the winged genius are entwined around the iron, with an expression of mastery over the subtle fluid passing through it. This work received the prize of 4,000 lire at the National Exhibition of Fine Arts in Milan, and was purchased by the Khédive of Egypt for 20,000 lire, the sculptor receiving also from him the diploma and insignia of Commendatore of Medjè.

Another group, that of Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, incutculating his little daughter, who struggles, with apprehension, in his arms, gained at the Vienna Exhibition, although only in plaster, the gold medal, and for its author the title, from the Emperor, of Commendatore of the Order of Francis Joseph.

The most recent works of Monteverde are—an Italian workman, undecided whether to betake himself to his occupation, or to meet his festive companions at the *osteria*; and a colossal monumental group, in honour of the late engineer Riva, of Turin.

CLARA L. WELLS.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

(Frontispiece.)

AMONG subjects of sacred history the story of 'Jephthah's Daughter' has been one of the most attractive from the Bible. It has been painted a great many times, but that does not lessen the interest in the theme, or the charm which belongs to the poetical interpretation of the subject by Professor Julius Schrader, of Berlin, after whose picture our engraving was taken.

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The daughter of Jephthah, surrounded by her companions, is seated upon the mountain-side, on the morning of the day when she is to return to her father, to be dealt with according to his vow. The Jewish maiden is calm but sad, and she heeds not the tears of her fellows. As the poet said:

"And she who was to die, the calmest one
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone,
And waited for the sun to set."

At the moment, the music of the harp is stilled and the timbrel

rests unheeded at the maiden's feet. The group is well arranged, and its picturesqueness is increased by the skilful adaptation of the landscape accessories.

Professor SCHRADER was born in Berlin, and entered the school of the Royal Academy of that city, and subsequently that of Düsseldorf, where in 1838 his name appears among the pupils of Hildebrandt. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 he showed two historical pictures, 'The Death of Leonardo da Vinci' and 'Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his Daughter.' The former of these works—or, if not the same, one with a similar title—appeared at the London International Exhibition of 1862, with another, 'Lady Macbeth walking in her Sleep.'

THE SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL.

'The Spanish Flower-Girl,' by Murillo, is one of his most graceful works. It belongs to his first period, and is, perhaps, the most loveable picture of his series drawn from every-day life. The flower-girl, seated at the base of a column, is displaying her roses in the folds of a scarf, the end of which is carelessly thrown over her shoulder. Her prettily-modelled head is bound with a turban-like handkerchief, and a rose fastened in its folds lends additional interest to the innocent and winsome beauty of her face. Murillo excelled in the management of draperies, the graceful drawing of his figures, and the delicate modulations of his lights and shadows. These several characteristics of his style are well shown in this work, and also the general simplicity of his treatment. The original picture belongs to the Dulwich Gallery, Dulwich College, England, and its spirit has been very ably preserved by the skilful handling of the engraver, Mr. Lightfoot.

THE PRIESTLEY STATUE.

OUR engraving of the renowned Dr. Priestley is after a marble statue by the English sculptor, J. F. Williamson, erected at Birmingham in 1874.

Dr. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, who was a famous scientist and theologian, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1733, and died in Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in 1804. In 1767 he published a "History of Electricity," at the suggestion of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. This work first brought him into notice as an experimental

philosopher, and procured for him the title of Doctor of Laws from the University of Edinburgh, and led to his being made a member of the Royal Society, from which he received its greatest honour, the Copley Medal. About this time Dr. Priestley went to Leeds, when he began his investigations on airs, and published a history of the discoveries in relation to vision, light, and colours, as the first part of a general history of experimental philosophy. Here he likewise commenced the publication of a periodical devoted to theological subjects. Among numerous other things he wrote an "Essay on Government," an enlarged "English Grammar," a "Familiar Introduction to the Study of Electricity," a "Treatise on Perspective and Chart of History," and an "Address to Dissenters on the subject of Difference with America." The latter was written at the request of Drs. Franklin and Fothergill. Dr. Priestley discovered the effect of respiration on the blood, and the tendency of vegetation to restore to vitiated air its vivifying principle. He also discovered nitrous gas, muriatic gas, and oxygen, which he obtained from red precipitate of mercury, calling it "dephlogisticated air." In 1780 Dr. Priestley settled in Birmingham, where he incurred much odium for his liberal religious opinions, and in 1791 his house was destroyed by a mob, and he and his family were forced soon after to emigrate to America. He arrived in New York in June, 1794, and was received with distinguished consideration. He soon after settled in Northumberland, where he died. His house in Northumberland was situated in a garden commanding one of the finest prospects on the Susquehanna. A library and laboratory were built for him, which were finished in 1797, and he was able to arrange his books and renew his experiments with every possible facility.

Such is a mere outline-sketch of the career of a man whom Birmingham has delighted to honour more than eighty years after he had been ignominiously driven from the place. The figure is of colossal height, and represents the great philosopher habited in the ordinary costume of the period. On a kind of pedestal by his side is what seems to be a small pestle and mortar, but is in fact intended for a cup, in which Priestley holds with his left hand an inverted glass tube, while in his right is a burning-glass, the rays from which he tries to focus on the cup—presumed to hold a liquid of some kind. The attitude of the figure is remarkably easy, and its whole bearing quite consistent with the subject.

ART IN PARIS.



HE published rules for the *Salon* of 1877 have already made their appearance, and, according to French custom, are placarded along the walls, side by side with announcements of auction-sales, advertisements of new books, &c. It seems but the other day since the *Salon* of 1876 was closed, and now comes the announcement of its successor. The regulations differ in no essential point from those of last year. Each artist is allowed to exhibit two pictures only, and the exhibition is to remain open from the 1st of May till the 20th of June. It is expected that the display of works of Art will be far finer than usual, as many of the artists who intend to contribute to the Exhibition of 1878 will send their productions first to the *Salon*, so as to familiarise the eye and mind of the public with them before they become lost in the vast maze of the Universal Exposition.

Castiglione has been sojourning for some months past in Italy, for the purpose of studying the Neapolitan atmosphere and Neapolitan scenery, and he has returned home laden with Art-treasures. Chief among these nearly-completed works must be cited a view of the terrace of the Royal Palace at Naples. Against the deep intense blue of the cloudless Italian sky rises the dusky red mass of the palace; while the terrace, on which the beholder is supposed to be standing, stretches away in long perspective, dotted with flowering plants, and with an arbour, or rather a deep recess in the outer wall of the palace, garlanded with flowers and

vines' at the left of the foreground. In the distance lies, calm and azure, the sunlit bay of Naples; while Vesuvius, with its single ascending smoke-thread, rises in the dim background. In the immediate foreground the Princess Marguerite, in a simple white dress, is seated beside a small table, while two of her ladies stand near her awaiting her pleasure. A wonderful transcription is this lovely picture of the glow and glory of the Italian skies and of the dazzling transparency of the sunlit Italian atmosphere. It is a large and important work, is well-nigh finished, and is intended by the artist for the next *Salon*. Another picture of extreme beauty shows a garden-gate of weather-beaten grey stone, environed with the rich semi-tropical foliage of that sunny region. Through the half-open gate a glimpse of verdant vistas of plants is had; while in the foreground rise two gigantic plants of some exotic species, with graceful, feathery fronds of palest-green foliage, exquisitely painted and relieved with fine effect against the dark, rich verdure beyond. This picture is a view of the gateway of the Botanical Garden (or Jardin des Plantes) at Naples. Another unfinished picture shows one of the embowered recesses in the terrace of the Royal Palace, of which we were afforded a glimpse in the painting first described, its trellis-work and wealth of leaf and blossom relieved against the deep-blue sky. A lady seated within gazes pensively abroad over the azure sea.

Villon, who amazed everybody at the *Salon* of last year by exhibiting, not a group of pots and pans and copper kettles, as is his usual custom, but a single life-sized female figure, a 'Fisher-Girl of

Dieppe,' painted with wonderful power, has recently exhibited a landscape which is equally remarkable in its way. It represents a flat, dreary tract of land, with a few houses rising at one side, and a long, lonely stretch of road extending afar into the horizon, down which gallops a single horseman. Overhead the sky is one wild, whirling mass of wind-driven clouds, so wonderfully rendered that one almost fancies that he can feel the blast that is hurrying forward those grey, flying vapours, and impels the onward course of the solitary traveller. It is a strange and impressive work, and doubly impressive from the fact that it denotes a new departure for the talent of its gifted painter. A few years ago Vollon was given up wholly to the reproduction of copper kettles and old armour, but in this work and his 'Fisher-Girl' he has shown that his talent was capable of far higher flights. The 'Fisher-Girl' is now in England, having been purchased by a wealthy amateur.

Gustave Doré has recently exhibited two fine landscapes, less exaggerated than are his works usually, and full of those striking and *saisissant* qualities that have made his fame. One is a sunrise in a mountainous region in Scotland. The sun, hidden as yet behind the brow of a fir-crowned hill, floods the heavens with mellow gold, while leaving the foreground in comparative obscurity, and touches with radiance the crests of the stunted evergreens that rise against the morning's glare. To the left a wreath of white mist coils upward from a deep, gloomy hollow between the hills. Right overhead, in the full flood of the golden light, hangs the pale, slender crescent of the waning moon. No form, whether of human or of animal life, disturbs the impressive loneliness of the morning hour. The companion-picture shows a similar scene in the same regions, but the season is winter and the time is afternoon. A brawling torrent, its waters swollen with melting snows, hurls its greenish and muddy waves through the centre of the foreground. The banks on either side are white with snow, with streaks of dusky earth and dark-grey rock shining through the pure covering. Stiff and snow-laden rises a group of firs to the left of the picture, their whitened outlines relieved against the grey and wintry sky, through which there pierces a single red sunset gleam. Doré has a wonderful power of putting, so to speak, a soul into a painting; of infusing the characteristic spirit of a landscape into the pictured trees and rocks and water that go to make up its component parts.

An exhibition of such works of this popular and renowned artist as still remain in Paris has just been opened at the Cercle des Mirlitons on the Place Vendôme. It is almost a private display, entrance being solely attainable through an invitation from some member of the club. This fact is a regrettable one, and the more so since the exhibition includes some few of Doré's more celebrated works, hitherto and still inaccessible to the general public, though rendered familiar by photographs and engravings. The catalogue comprises over sixty numbers, including several drawings in India-ink and some few water-colours. The most important and interesting of the paintings is the well-known work entitled 'The Neophyte.' Therein Doré is seen at his best. The contrast between the delicate, spiritualised countenance of the novice, and the coarse, heavy faces of the monks, into whose community the young ascetic has evidently just been admitted; the subtle satire so finely indicated rather than expressed; the group of stolid, stupid heads; the illuminated eyes and attenuated features of the young novice, are all in Doré's best vein. The colouring, too, kept by the very nature of the subject in yellowish whites and greys, relieved only by the flesh-tints of the countenances of the different personages, is free from the crudeness and *criarde* contrasts that usually mar his works in oils.

Another well-known picture, probably a *replica* of the one exhibited at the *Salon* of 1874, is the 'Christian Martyrs in the Colosseum,' a work that must be far finer in the engraving than in the painting, as the colouring is too dusky and too overcharged with blue, even for an effect of moonlight. Yet this picture must always remain one of the most striking of the artist's later efforts. The contrast between the horrors of the arena, the piled-up corpses, and the prowling beasts (and how full of feline grace some of these last are!), the blood-stained sands, and the vast rows of vacant seats, towering blank and bare, yet eloquent of fierce spectators, and a ghastly shore, with that white shimmering train of angels that drift downward amid the silver radiance of the moon—it is wonderful! Only a man of genius could have conceived such an idea, or have so put it upon the canvas.

A large canvas representing the 'Battle of Ascalon' showed Doré's power of representing the whirl and confusion of a hand-to-hand fight. The combatants, with locked lances, struggle in serried lines amid the dusky shadows of a ravine in the foreground. The lustre of sunset shines full upon the cross, which has been planted on the summit of a declivity in the background, while at its base are priests engaged in prayer. The hurly-burly of the strife is wonderfully represented. 'Gideon choosing his Soldiers' is a reproduction of one of the best known of the artist's illustrations to the Bible. The golden glow of the Eastern sunset, against which the dark form of a camel is thrown in relief, is extremely effective; but I prefer the picture in its original black-and-white.

There is an audacious challenge of comparison with the *chef-d'œuvre* of Ary Scheffer in the large painting representing 'Paolo and Francesca' amid the shadows of the infernal regions. The composition of the picture reproduces that of the illustration to the 'Inferno'; but there are more grace and lightness in the attitude of Francesca, and more beauty in her countenance, than in the wood engraving. The pose of her nude form, floating in the murky air, is extremely ærial and graceful, and the folds of dark-blue drapery that fall behind her figure relieve well the pale flesh-tints. But her face and that of her doomed lover lack that marvellous expression of clinging, self-sacrificing love, deathless after death, immortal amid eternal torments, that marks the countenance of the Francesca of Ary Scheffer. The red, lurid light, low down on the horizon, that throws into relief the distant forms of Virgil and Dante, has a melodramatic effect inconsistent with the poetry and the pathos of the subject.

Gifted as Doré is, the expression of the higher forms of poetic feeling is lacking only too often in his most ambitious works.

Here, on the other side of the room, hangs a small picture that one can hardly imagine as due to the pencil that has given to the world so many weird and startling conceptions. The scene is a dimly-lighted bedroom, in the centre of which stands a silk-covered and lace-draped *berceau*, wherein lies asleep a tiny infant. Beside this couch stands a soldier, fully equipped for departure, his knapsack strapped upon his back, his cap upon his head—the last moment of his home farewells has come. He holds the baby-hand close folded in his own, and with averted head is taking his last look at the face of the little sleeper. That is all—yet what a depth of tenderness and true feeling there is in that small picture, replete with more expressive meaning than often falls to the share of more pretentious works! The artist has christened this picture 'Duty.'

More in accordance with Doré's usual style is a painting entitled 'Les Lutins.' It represents the interior of a forest at sunset. The deep red and gold of the horizon burn with weird effect through a gap in the stiff, straight, serried rows of tree-trunks—a forest-scene such as Doré delights to paint as a background for some goblin revel or fairy feast. Amid the shadows flit small, misshapen creatures, peering, prying, and tormenting one mystified traveller, who sits on his steed amid the gloom of the background, bewildered by the mocking goblins and scarcely knowing in which direction he had better turn.

One of the larger and more important pictures would furnish ample refutation, if such refutation were now needed, of the accusation so often brought against Doré, that he cannot paint a beautiful woman. The work in question shows two three-quarter-length figures, a blind Spanish beggar and his daughter. Grasping his staff in one hand, the sturdy old man curves his other arm around his daughter's shoulders, offering his platter for alms with his disengaged hand. She stands in a perfectly passive attitude, her beautiful face with its dusky eyes, fine though attenuated features, and wealth of raven hair, being turned full towards the spectator. Her brown but exquisitely-moulded arms are bare, and in her two hands, drooping listlessly before her, she holds a tambourine. Her gown is of a dull pink, but the kerchief crossed over her shoulders is of that harsh, glaring yellow which Doré unduly affects. Something in the weary, languid attitude and expression of the girl, and in the close clasp in which she is enfolded by her father, explains the title of the picture—'La Chaîne.'

Doré appears to have a particular passion for Scotch scenery. Besides those views which I have already mentioned, and a sea-coast scene that has figured at a previous exhibition at the Cercle, he exhibits a number of Scottish scenes, mostly views of low-lying

lakes, between bare, bleak hills, with gleams of sunset light flecking the steely surface of the water. Among the landscapes also figures 'A Snow-Thaw at the Sources of the Rhône,' a wild confusion of uprooted pines, and greenish-white water, and bluish-grey rocks, half overgrown with pale-yellow lichens. Here, too, is a landscape called 'L'Étang'—a wild, lonely pool, its banks overgrown with long grasses and water-plants (the foreground is painted with a care and finish unusual to our artist), with a spectral-looking row of trees in the horizon, above which peers a pallid moon. Two views taken in the pine-forests of Alsace show conclusively that the artist, in depicting the straight, lofty, close-serried tree-trunks of the woods in his illustrations to the 'Contes des Fées' and 'The Wandering Jew,' has drawn more on his memory than on his imagination for the actual features of the scene.

Some of the drawings and aquarelles are very striking. There is a charming water-colour sketch, entitled 'Poor Children,' evidently a reminiscence of Doré's London sojourn, representing a party of ragged urchins stealing a ride at the back of a huge dray laden with wine-casks. The little fellows are so vividly depicted, yet with so kindly a touch, that one instinctively realises Doré's deep feeling for young children. There are some characteristic sketches in water-colour, reproducing scenes from his illustrations to Rabelais, and a small drawing entitled 'Le Gouffre,' and showing the base of a ghastly precipice, clothed with stunted firs and

strewn with shattered stones. Small as it is, this sketch gives one a shuddering idea of immense and dangerous heights, with a suggestion of cruel falls and fatal disasters.

Among the paintings that figure in this exhibition are several that have already been described in these pages, among which the large and powerful work entitled originally 'The Mountebanks,' and now styled 'The Victim,' holds a prominent place. The artist has much improved the colouring of this picture, having toned down the more glaring hues and removed the undue evidences of effusion of blood from the wound in the head of the little sufferer. It remains one of the most pathetic and expressive of all Doré's later paintings. There are also shown three studies of the head of Christ, one representing him bound to the column; another bowed beneath the cross, and a third a simple head. Fond as Doré is of representing our Saviour, he notably fails in bestowing upon the image that he creates any share of divine elevation or superhuman charm. In one of his vast Biblical compositions, crowded with figures, the weakness of the central personage may be forgotten or excused, on account of the vigour of the grouping or the grandiose details of the architecture. But in these studies no such relief is possible, and his conception of the Divine Sufferer offends the critical sense. His 'Christ' is too human, and even of too low a type of humanity. He is a low-born, agonized, tortured Jew, not the incarnate God.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

LONDON EXHIBITIONS.



TWO important, attractive, and, it may be added, always well-supported, semi-annual exhibitions are now open in London, embodying in their contributions the best examples of what may be classed as the holiday-work of English artists who mostly excel in the department of water-colour painting. These exhibitions have been recently opened to the public for the winter by the Society of Painters in Water-Colours at their gallery in Pall Mall East, and by the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours at their rooms in the vicinity of St. James's. The first exhibition is the more important as well in the number and nature of the works sent in as in the standing and reputation of the contributors, although it is to be noticed that well-known names are prominently forward in the catalogue of the "Institute," which includes such distinguished artist-members as Jozef Israëls, Rosa Bonheur, John Everett Millais, Absolon, Cattermole, Frederick Goodall, L. Haghe, Linton, W. L. Leitch, and Miss Elizabeth Thompson. Noticing the works brought together by the "Society" first, and reversing the usual order of things in calling attention to the more ambitious of those works last, we would desire to express our unqualified admiration of the small studies from Nature contributed by Mrs. Allingham. These certainly exhibit the greatest amount of true Art-workmanship on the least possible space of paper. They are gems in their way, and go far towards assuring the success of this year's winter exhibition. 'May,' for instance, a very small and altogether charming drawing in water-colour of a little girl, with somewhat timid and wistful eyes, bearing a branch of well-flowered hawthorn, is to our thinking well-nigh perfect. So careful and accurate is its detail, and so marvellous its skilful drawing, that it deserves a covering of crystal, if only to show off to advantage the manifold excellences of workmanship and Art exhibited in its manipulation. 'May' is the tiniest of full-lengths of a cotter's child, arrested, it seems to us, on her way homeward by the near approach of some personage of the village, who, maybe, will chide her on the day's truancy. The subject of the drawing is of the simplest character, the mere figure of a child with an accessory in the shape of some dainty flowers of sweet-smelling May, and in size it might measure the space occupied by one-third of one of these columns of print; but, in point of wealth of artistic treatment and painstaking study, it will rival the best work in the room. 'Little Johnny,' by the same artist, a child in a pinafore looking out of a cottage-window, is full of the same careful workmanship, and in natural simplicity

and grace will hold its own with the best examples of Birket Foster's pictures of child-life. Very charming also are Mrs. Allingham's 'On the Shore,' a tiny sketch of a little girl seated on the beach with the tide flowing on some weed-covered rocks in the background; and 'Over the Hill,' a schoolgirl, in a white apron on a blue frock, walking in a meadow. Another lady, Miss Clara Montalba, deserves ungrudging praise likewise for the pains she has bestowed on her beautiful pieces of Venetian scenery. 'A Corner of St. Mark's' is the largest of these, full of rich, well-blended colour, and southern glow of atmosphere; though we are inclined to accept the more sombre illustrations of 'A Stormy Morning—Venice,' and a 'Winter Day—Venice,' as the best examples of her skill. Among the lesser works—according to space which they occupy, but not as to rank and excellence—should be mentioned Mr. R. Thorne Waite's contributions—'The Ferryside,' 'Across the Common,' and last, not least, 'Caught in a Shower,' each recalling the best qualities of Collier's works.

Mr. Alma-Tadema sends two small but precious studies, 'Balneator' and 'Balneatrix,' which we suppose we may receive as evidences of more important work in hand for the Academy. It would be mere reiteration to dwell upon the merits and virtues of Mr. Tadema's skill. These twin studies exhibit the same finish as his larger works, and show the like consummate ability in the depiction of marbles and interiors, with many superb pieces of general and local colouring. In the one picture the male attendant of the bath, in the person of a dusky-hued Roman, stands out in relief like a golden-bronze statue before a marble wall of deep sea-green; in the other the female attendant, holding a tray full of towels, stands by the richly-coloured veil of the women's bath. Both these drawings are equal to anything we have before seen from the studio of the artist. 'Dunbar Castle,' a small study on the same screen, is the only contribution to the exhibition from the pencil of Mr. Birket Foster, and is hardly a worthy one at that. Mr. Marks contributes two drawings for decorative purposes, thoroughly imbued with his artistic and imaginative spirit; and Sir John Gilbert four characteristic sketches, the most masterly of which is 'Convocation of Clergy'—a study for the picture now in the Royal Academy—a brilliantly-painted concourse of richly-clad and mitred archbishops, scarlet-robed cardinals, and more sombre-robed tonsured monks, listening to a violent harangue from some notable ecclesiastic in the garb of a mendicant friar. 'Free Lances,' by the same artist, is one of those admirable pieces of historic painting, full of life and spirit, and accurate in detail, for which Sir

John Gilbert is famous. A mounted company of bold robbers, *temp.* Richard III., remarkable for every element of knavish scoundrelism in their appearance, are fording a stream, bent on harassing an outlying village. The fleeting, iron-gray clouds overhead, and the black-looking turbulent waters at foot, are very suggestive, and fit concomitants of the story, which is vigorously told, and with considerable truthfulness and power.

It must be always difficult to interest the reader in landscapes which he has not had, nor in all probability will have, the advantage of seeing, and therefore can have but small personal interest in; we fear, then, that we must dispose of some admirable examples in this line of Art exhibited by the "Society" with but scanty acknowledgment of their merits. Of the best, certainly, is that contributed by Mr. Alfred D. Fripp, 'The Quarry-Path,' which, for purity of colouring, excellence of perspective, delicacy of touch, and tenderness of outline, is unexcelled in the gallery. The scene represented is a part of the coast of Dorset, overlooking the sea, a hollow near the front being already in deep shadow; a boy follows the path which leads downward, and calls to his dog, who drives sheep up the opposite bank, lighted by the soft, evening sunlight. Far away in the distance is the sea, rich in delicate, blue colour, bounded in the extreme distance on one side by a line of rosy cliffs. Very admirable, too, and a marvel of nice art, is Mr. G. A. Fripp's 'Study of a Hillside and Cavern on the Coast of Cornwall,' a piece of rugged coast-scenery to be viewed in perfection about the many headlands which shut in the small bays between Falmouth and the Land's End. The artist seems to have selected the time of autumn for the drawing, judging from the light-brown tints which cover the stunted herbage, of sufficient toothsome-ness, nevertheless, for a flock of sheep to be nibbling at. In the immediate foreground we have given us with absolute precision the contours of the ragged cliffs, out of which Nature has chiselled one of those cavernous places suggestive of anger and desolation. The Atlantic waves wash in and about the spot in great swirling eddies that betoken woe to the frail craft that in times of storm comes within reach of their restive batterings. Above, one sees the anatomy of the land as it slopes to the cliff, a mere literal copy of the inhospitable-looking, uncultivated Cornish coast, thinly clad in earth and grass, almost destitute of herbage, and all but treeless. This picture of Mr. G. A. Fripp's exhibits the most skilful draughtsmanship, and is a truly beautiful and effective piece of water-colour. We have seen nothing better in the way of summer sea-scape than Mr. F. Powell's 'The Sea-Belle,' a shapely yacht lying becalmed, but with all her sails set, on an almost glassy sea. It is a scene of superlative loveliness, the time about mid-day in the month of July, with the water still enough to reflect the dazzling sunlight, but yet not so still that it has not here and there a few comely ripples to break up the intense glare of white into variable reflections of purple, pink, green, and yellow. A soft summer vapour creeps over the water, suffusing without subduing the pure brightness of the morning. Mr. Powell has wrought this picture after a manner and style, and with a balance of tone, and colour, and purity of tint, that remind one of the best painters of the Dutch school. 'The Sea-Belle' is a dainty relief from, though it would be a fit companion to, some of the fine examples of sunlit northern seas which we find exhibited in the admirable Danish Gallery in Bond Street, than which there is no better exponent of true Art in relation to sea-painting. A brilliant example, by-the-way, of fair, clear colours and warm summer lights, is Mr. Albert Goodwin's 'Whitby,' which, however, to the outward seeming, is about as much like Whitby, Yorkshire, under almost any condition that could be imagined—save and except the transmigration of Whitby into Fairyland—as outlying, river-washed New York, on an ordinary summer's day, resembles one of the glowing, sunburnt towns washed by the bright-blue waters of the Mediterranean. This, by-the-way, however, and not in disparagement of the picture as a work of Art, which is in every sense excellent.

Let us now turn for a moment to the consideration of the best of the figure-drawings in the gallery, which, as is usual, where English artists are concerned, are in ample and goodly array, and full of evidences of their superior ability in this direction of Art-learning. There are much humour and many good points of execution observable in Mr. J. D. Watson's 'Friends in Council'—a worthy fool in Shakespearean motley discoursing apparently with considerable volubility to the carved headpiece of the *bâton* which

is stuck upright before him on a drum. The zany's seat is a wood log, and a flickering rush-light, placed on an ancient candlestick of iron-work, lends unstable aid for the moment to the intellectual discernings of fool and bauble. The drawing is carefully done, and there is a good deal of artistic harmony of colour and pure depth of tone noticeable in the painting. 'Village Lovers' and 'The Poacher's Wife'—the latter an effective piece of character-drawing representing a sorrowful-looking, grief-burdened village beauty standing at the door of a red-brick cottage, waiting the arrival of her scapegoat husband—are also good examples of Mr. Watson's skill, though not quite up to the standard of excellence exhibited in the last-mentioned picture. One of the most effective pieces of *genre* painting in the gallery, in drawing admirable to a degree, and in colour thoroughly well worked and attractive, is Mr. Edward Radford's 'Caveat Emptor.' It is a little gem of the Meissonier class in subject and design, in which we are introduced to the studio of an artist, where sits in critical attitude a gentleman in a pink-satin coat and white-satin waistcoat and smalls, silk stockings, and shoes, scrutinizing a picture held to the easel by a gentleman in sombre snuff-colour, whom we take to be the painter. The interior of the apartment is exquisitely painted, as are the figures of the actors in the piece. Simple in subject, thoroughly natural in treatment, and wonderfully clever in drawing, is Mr. R. Barnes's 'Not very well,' a study of a sick child propped up by pillows in an ample arm-chair, with a well-polished table beside him, on which stands a porcelain plate holding the quarters of a peeled orange. The accessories of the study are exceptionally good, and skilfully worked out, as the frock of the patient, the back of the chair, the leaves of a rose which the little fellow has nervously and fretfully plucked to pieces, and last, not least, the pieces of untasted orange. There is great expression, too, in the child's face, albeit it is of a somewhat saddening kind. Of a different character is 'See me,' Mr. Barnes's other chief contribution, a pretty child, in tasteful morning dress of blue and white muslin, with dainty cap of the like material, rejoicing in the knowledge of her prettiness, and in the skill also with which she has entangled herself in a self-woven daisy-chain. In the background is an ivy-clad brick wall, which, by the skilful and artistic nature of its composition, lends additional charm to what is certainly a very pretty and effective piece of painting.

Were we to be asked in what line of Art-work, in our opinion, English painters in water-colours most excel, and, in their selection, in what special direction, we should answer, in the drawing of beautiful and graceful maidens, framed in what we should term a halo of dainty sentiment. We give as an apt illustration of our meaning three pictures in the present exhibition from the studio of Mr. E. K. Johnson, most exquisite in their figure-drawing, but all too sentimental, and, without saying unnatural outright, at least unusually unlike to Nature in what may be called the filling-in of the picture. In 'Ask for it,' for instance, there is a single figure of a beautiful young lady in black, standing under a trellis-work of rose-trees, to a branch of which clings a yellow and white cockatoo, who is admonished by the loving attentions of the lady to 'ask for it'—the "it" we take to be a piece of luscious peach which the lady holds behind her. In the background in perspective is a garden rich in emerald turf, picked out with beds of geranium and rose-trees. We have seen nothing at all like the garden, except in a painting of Mr. Melville's, in which we are permitted to view the Queen's private garden from one of the windows of the private apartments of Windsor Castle. After viewing this garden, we were pleased to learn from the artist that it belonged exclusively to the use of the Queen and the royal family, and was in no sense intended for public eyes. Its mathematical exactness of flower-beds, and gravelled walk, and parterre, was something, as Mr. Pepys might have said, "very displeasing to behold." In 'Friends,' Mr. Johnson's second picture, we are introduced to another single figure of a graceful maiden in elaborately-painted white gown, contemplating a robin which has alighted on her outstretched hand. The wintry look of the branches of the trees in the background and the shrivelled and withered leaves at the lady's feet are more truthful in colour and design than the flowering bushes in the garden. The third picture from the same artist, entitled 'July,' is again most charming after its fashion. Here, again, we have the single figure of a female, a rare beauty in white muslin, reclining at length on a sloping, richly-verdurous bank, glorious in

its wealth of summer colouring. At the foot of the pleasant resting-place is a retriever looking wistfully into the lady's laughing face, and panting with the intensity of the afternoon heat. For sheer "prettiness" there is no picture to approach this in the exhibition; but we doubt whether the artist would be content with such doubtful commendation. Passing on, we can only mention in the briefest terms of praise Mr. Clarence Whaite's 'Fern-Harvest,' a singular study of iridescent lights thrown upon some misty, hilly ground, where Cumberland fern-gatherers are engaged in their occupation; two studies for the picture 'On the Alert' for the next exhibition, by Carl Haag; 'An Evening Effect on the Wye at Ross,' by H. Brittan Willis, a very beautiful piece of cattle-painting and landscape, a little opaque and over-smooth, but full of light and colour; 'Moonlight,' an admirable example of the best manner of Mr. G. W. North; Mr. Taylor's 'Market-Day on the Road to Quimper, Brittany;' and Mr. G. Dodgson's 'A Bite!' a peculiarly commendable bit of natural character and beauty. We have only now to notice Mr. Basil Bradley's contributions before closing our remarks on the fifteenth Winter Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. This gentleman sends certain highly-finished zoological studies to the gallery, which are as near perfection as anything in the same category which has been exhibited in London for years. 'Tired Playmates—a Study of Young Tigers at the Zoological Gardens;' 'Feline Affection—Study of Lion and Lioness,' both in the same institution; and 'Young Tigers at Play,' all by the same gifted artist, are about as admirable examples of fine draughtsmanship, skill in display of local colour, and felicity in reproducing individual textures, as we ever remember to have seen. The intensity of animal expression thrown into the individual portraits and the mirthfulness of character shown in the drawings are simply and truthfully equal to the finest display of those qualities in the best of Landseer's drawings.

If the drawings exhibited by the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours occupy less space upon the walls than those shown by the parent society, they are none the less worthy of notice, and differ, if indeed they differ at all, very slightly in general excellence from those on view in the gallery of the older Association. Several original sketches by notable artists for larger paintings in oils are contributed to the Institute Exhibition, and enhance its value. Among such may be noticed 'Marie Thérèse, Daughter of Louis XVI., sketching the Tower of her Prison from the Temple Garden,' by E. M. Ward, R.A., a sketch for the important picture which we took pleasure in noticing in our paper on last year's Royal Academy Exhibition, published in this *Journal*. Mr. Hubert Herkimer also sends the original sketch for the picture 'At Death's Door,' which attracted such general attention at the Burlington House Gallery, noticed by us at the same time. We believe this picture has been since engraved. We have three characteristic sketches contributed by Miss Elizabeth Thompson, one of which, 'The Scots Greys advancing,' is a clever exemplification of this lady's wonderful ability in giving life and character to martial subjects. In this line of Art, indeed, she seems specially to excel, for her two other contributions, 'Vintage Sketches in Tuscany,' although exhibiting considerable powers of drawing and composition, are not up to the standard of the 'Cavalry at the Gallop.' There is nothing particularly taking in this latter subject, except to a military man; but the veriest tyro in Art cannot fail to be struck with the admirable anatomy of the horses, the force of expression given to the men, and the general detail of the picture, as the stubby hillocks of the foreground, and the arrangement of the troop as it comes careering across the uneven common, vainly striving to keep its line formation, to the point where the spectator is supposed to be standing. The various attitudes of the stout grey horses are from the life; and the different faces of the men, and the lines of thought marked upon each, are simply Hogarthian in their truthfulness. This small and careful study by Miss Thompson far excels in spirited workmanship and artistic treatment—at least to our thinking—the work now being exhibited by the President of the Royal Academy at the gallery in Suffolk Street. Discussing military subjects, we may as well call attention to two spirited, half-length portrait sketches from the portfolio of Mr. W. Simpson, the late special correspondent of the *Graphic* with the Prince of Wales in India. These are after Mr. Simpson's best manner, and are admirable likenesses of the two native Indian officers at present attached to the Prince of

Wales's suite—Ressaldar Sirdar, Anoop Sing, and Ressaldar Sirdar Afzul Khan, in the picturesque uniform of the Eleventh Bengal Lancers.

Mr. Hardy's two powerful studies from animal life, 'Waiting for the Guns' and 'Left in Charge,' are worth careful notice, as being excellent examples of this artist's particular skill in the treatment of dogs and birds. The last-named drawing, a portrait of a chestnut setter watching the hunting-spoil of the morning, in the shape of four brace of black-cock and grouse, exhibits very careful draughtsmanship, fine display of local colour, and an admirable knowledge of the best qualities of landscape Art. The brilliant plumage of the birds is exceptionally well done, and there is considerable dexterity of manipulation observable in the painting of the setter's coat as well as pathos thrown into the animal's expression. The careful and painstaking drawing of the hillside, with its well-painted tufts of gorse and heather, is not to be lost sight of in the general consideration of the picture. Mr. E. M. Wimperis deserves high commendation, too, for his masterly treatment of a long stretch of white-crested waves on the ebb-tide beating in on a flat shore sheltered by an upground of cliffs, which he names 'On the Norfolk Coast'—a piece of land- and sea-scape as good as, if not better than, any in the exhibition, unless Mr. J. Syer's 'Dutch Boats taking in Nets' and Mr. J. Numonier's 'Fishing Village' can be held to be its compeers in general excellence.

There is much quiet humour but more true Art in Mr. H. B. Roberts's 'Doctoring Old Time,' a well-drawn and, we should say, faithful portrait of an old man of the labourer class blowing with a pair of rusty kitchen bellows into the works of a kitchen clock of the good old-fashioned kind; but, evidently, judging from the expression of his face, very doubtful as to the results of the doctoring. Mr. Andrew C. Gow sends a taking and carefully-told incident of the historic kind, representing 'A Jacobite Rendezvous,' which seems to have been selected at the cover-side on a hunting-morning. A party of mounted, scarlet-coated gentlemen surround the master of the hunt while he reads a despatch, no doubt recently received from France. From the joyous looks and exuberant waving of the three-cornered hats, we should be prudent in guessing that King James's fortunes are for the nonce in the ascendant, and that the country squires are correspondingly joyful, and ready once more to risk their lives for the good cause of a bad king. The grouping of the hunt is effective, and the background of cover is well drawn and skilfully chosen. Of the same character of subject is Mr. J. D. Linton's 'The Huguenot.' Here we are introduced to the anteroom of Marie de' Medici's famous cardinal-minister, at whose feet in abject supplication kneels an unfortunate refugee Huguenot. The man has been brought into the apartment by a ruffianly-looking guard, who has for the moment released his prisoner's limbs from the rude lashings of the rope with which they were tied. The cardinal's secretary is seated at a table taking notes of the conversation, which, judging from the stern look on Richelieu's face, bodes no good to the poor Protestant. A finished sketch by Charles Cattermole in this exhibition, dealing also with the power and pride of the Church of Rome, is worthy attention. A cardinal in scarlet robes attended by acolytes and richly-robed ecclesiastics—

"With mitred pomp,
With ceremonial due,"

leaves his apartments in the palace to take a share in some important service of the Church. Groups of peasantry fall on their knees as the great dignitary passes, and in the background are a number of sombre-looking friars bending the head in outward token of their subjugation to his authority. We have no space for further comment on many admirable drawings which we had noted for passing mention. Among these are 'Moncontour, Brittany,' an exquisite drawing from the studio of Mr. John Absolon; 'A Letter to Phyllis,' a very finished and charming painting of an old gentleman of the Goldsmith era, in sage-green, seated at an escritoire inditing sweet nothings to his lady-love; 'Lilies,' by W. Lucas, an admirable example of skilful and dainty figure-drawing; the 'Flower of the Flock,' a humorous scene from rustic life, by Mr. H. B. Roberts, well conceived, well drawn, and well painted; 'A Disputed Passage,' by Charles Cattermole, a vigorous piece of historic *genre*; 'Le Tartuffe,' by L. Haghe, illustrative of a passage from Molière's comedy; Mr. Guido R.

Bach's 'Mosque at Cairo;' and lastly two exquisite drawings by Mr. Edward H. Fahey, 'Going in' and 'In Memoriam,' which we have not space to describe in detail, but simply content ourselves by recording our admiration for. If we notice Mr. E. J. Gregory's picture, 'A Stitch in Time,' last of all, it is not because it is the least excellent of the drawings exhibited by the "Institute," but for the reason that it was hung away upon a screen where one had to search in the dark to detect its many admirable qualities. A graceful female, already dressed for the promenade, has

thrown her fur-lined mantle back over her shoulders, while she seats herself at a sewing-machine (horrid associate of Art!) to stitch the unravelled hem of one of the under-flounces of a purple-silk dress. These are the materials, or some of them, of the picture, but the subjects of the artist's study have evidently been how to produce the utmost grace and natural simplicity in his picture without disturbing the effects of light and colour which he meant to produce, and which happen to be in every respect exquisite.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

NOTES.

SALE OF JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON'S PICTURES.—The famous gallery of paintings owned by Mr. John Taylor Johnston, of New York, a part of which were exhibited in the Centennial Loan Collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art last summer, was sold by auction, under the direction of Mr. Samuel P. Avery, on the 19th, 20th, and 22nd days of December. The Johnston Gallery has been for many years the most important private collection of Art-works in the United States, and, owing to the public spirit of its owner, it was always accessible to visitors on certain days of the week during the winter seasons, which obtained for it great popularity. The announcement of its sale immediately after the close of the Loan Exhibition, owing to the misfortunes of its owner, caused universal surprise and regret. The sale was held in Chickering Hall, and it brought together buyers from all parts of the country; and, as the result, the paintings are scattered now in all the principal cities of the Union. A majority, perhaps, of the paintings were bought by the connoisseurs of New York and Brooklyn; but of the remainder, some went to Boston, and others are now held in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, Providence, and San Francisco. The collection was the largest and most valuable ever sold in the United States, and brought altogether \$327,792, divided as follows: For paintings, \$302,235; water-colour drawings, \$16,957; statuary, \$16,957. The great sales of paintings previously held in New York appear small in comparison to that of Mr. Johnston. They were the Wolfe collection sold in 1863, \$118,000; the "Alexander White" collection, \$90,150, sold by the Leavitts in December, 1871; the "Derby," \$88,485, in January, 1872; the "Lockwood," \$85,320 and "Belmont," \$81,000, also in 1872; and the "Blodgett," \$87,360, in April last. Among the Johnston pictures which sold at prices ranging from \$1,000 and upwards, were Meissonier's 'Soldiers at Cards,' which originally came from the Demidoff collection, \$11,500, to James Gordon Bennett, of New York; Eastman Johnson's 'Chimney Corner,' \$1,000, S. A. Mann, Utica; Gérôme's 'Bashi-Bazouk,' \$1,200, J. W. Garrett, Baltimore; 'Landscape and Cattle,' Van Marcke, \$2,550, James Gordon Bennett, New York; 'Female Head,' Couture, \$1,000, C. J. Osborne; 'Chasing the Butterfly,' Merle, \$1,615, G. B. Roberts; 'The Outcast,' G. H. Boughton, \$1,005, H. R. Leroy; 'Fruit,' J. W. Preyer, \$1,400, W. T. Walters, Baltimore; 'Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand,' Washington Allston, \$3,900, H. R. Bishop, San Francisco; 'Landscape,' C. F. Daubigny, \$1,450, W. T. Walters; 'Tarquin and Lucretia,' Van Mieris, \$1,470, J. H. Sherwood; 'Objects of Art,' Blaise Desgoffe, \$1,300, J. Milbanks; 'Interior of Santa Maria, Rome,' Ricardo Madrazo, \$4,600, Alexander Brown; 'Venice at Sunset,' Felix Ziem, \$1,510, J. W. Garrett; 'Illustrations of the Jobiad,' Hasenclever, \$4,200, S. S. Fisher; 'The Upper Rhine,' B. C. Koek-koek, \$2,800, John Wolfe; 'Afternoon on the Connecticut Shore,' Kensett, \$1,500, F. H. Smith, Boston; 'The Poacher's Death,' Hubner, \$1,600, D. H. McAlpine; 'The Reaper's Return Home,' J. Becker, \$5,100, S. P. Avery; 'The Roll-Call of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror,' Charles Louis Müller, \$8,200, A. T. Satterlee; 'Twilight in the Wilderness,' F. E. Church, \$3,600, J. W. Garrett; 'Arrest of Franz Rakoczy, Prince of Hungary,' 1701, Julius Benczur, \$3,750, H. R. Bishop; 'The Voyage of Life,' Cole's famous series, \$3,100, H. B. Plant; 'Fishing-Boats off Scheveningen,' Joseph Israel, \$2,900, S. P. Avery; 'The Slave-Ship,' J. M. W. Turner, \$10,000, Alfred Pell, Boston; 'Spring Flowers,' J. L. Hamon, \$4,600, S. P. Avery; 'A Young Italian Mother,' Jourdan, \$2,300, J. Schindler; 'Wallachian Peasants crossing a Ford,' Schreyer, \$2,700, George Bliss; 'The Call to Prayer, Cairo,' Gérôme, \$4,000, George Peabody Wetmore; 'Settling Accounts,' Dyckmans, \$1,350, S. P. Avery; 'Japanese Bazaar,' Castres, \$1,675, E. P. Beebe; 'La Lecture,' F. Willems, \$1,975, J. W. Garrett; 'Isabella and the Pot of Basil,' Holman Hunt, \$2,650, J. W. Garrett; 'The Suicide,' Decamps, \$2,900, S. P. Avery; 'The Quarrel of the Pets,' Escosura, \$1,000, S. P. Avery; 'Blowing Bubbles,' Bou-

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ART IN BOSTON.—The most notable recent event in Boston Art-circles has been the exhibition of William M. Hunt's pictures, for the most part painted by that eminent artist during the past twelvemonth. A few have been shown in previous exhibitions, but the greater number were seen for the first time by the public. They comprised a variety of subjects, and thus betrayed Mr. Hunt's versatility alike in topic and treatment. There were portraits, landscapes, ideal heads, and figures. Any one familiar with Mr. Hunt's style would have recognised each as his, so entirely characteristic are the free vigour of his handling and the masterly management of colour, especially of the less brilliant tints. The effect with which he uses various tints of grey in his landscapes was more than ever apparent, while his success with woodland perspective and foliage was once more demonstrated. Among the pic-

tures was the nude figure of a boy, framed in a green arbour, and on the point of diving into a pool, which was full of grace and attractiveness. There was a picture of 'Hamlet,' one of the most expressive and faithful representations of that hackneyed hero to be seen. Mr. Hunt is said to have taken as his model in this a German conception of the princely Dane. The largest picture exhibited was a landscape-scene, representing a certain picturesque point in Charles River, near Boston; while two twilight scenes are compared to Rousseau, so finely poetic and suggestive are they. The portraits, however, claimed the closest attention, for, after all, Hunt's best excellence appears in the depicting of the human form, and the admirable skill in drawing and in colouring the draperies of seated or full-length figures. On the whole, the exhibition fully sustains Mr. Hunt's fame, and indicates that his talent is even yet ripening by the lapse of time and the unfaltering devotion of the artist to his work. . . . The historic portraits of General Knox, John and John Quincy Adams, John Hancock, and other Massachusetts worthies, which have hung so long in Faneuil Hall, have been removed to the new Art-Museum, where most of them are seen in a better light than in the rather gloomy "Cradle of Liberty," and hence new artistic beauties are discovered in them. . . . The competing models for a statue of Josiah Quincy, by the American sculptors Story, Gould, and Ball, have been on exhibition in Boston. The decision rested with a committee consisting of the mayor and two aldermen, as the statue was ordered to be made for the city. The general impression was in favor of Ball's model, to whom the task has been confided. . . . An exhibition of relics and of pictures, illustrative of Boston history, is being held at the Old South Church, the proceeds of which are intended to go towards paying for that ancient edifice, and preventing its sacrifice to the demands for room made by the commercial spirit of the day.

WAGNER IN ROME.—The International Association in Rome distinguished itself by a delightful evening entertainment given to Wagner in his recent visit to that city. The chief hall of the rooms of the society was richly adorned with the banners of different countries, and at the end of the *salon* a trophy of musical instruments was tastefully arranged upon effective drapery. In front of it was a bust of Wagner, almost improvised by the Roman sculptor Ettore Ferrari, and which was highly approved by the original, when, upon his arrival, he was conducted to it. Cavaliere De Sanctis had been chosen to give the celebrated composer a welcome, with an appropriate address, but he preferred to accomplish his task in French poetry, to which Wagner responded in the same language, expressing his satisfaction at being in Rome, home of the Fine Arts, and in the midst of artists from all the countries of the world. He remarked that, as the Arts were sisters, he hoped that his music would be received with pleasure by artists. The president of the society, Vannutelli, presented him with a diploma of honorary membership, artistically prepared by Signor Ferraresi, and, after choice music by the best professors of Italy, Wagner, with the other guests (comprising the most prominent artists, musicians and *litterati* of Rome, as well as the German minister and members of other legations), was escorted to the *Sala Superiore*, adorned with representations by the artists of the Cervara festivals. Here the collation was served, while in the other hall a mandolin-concert was arranged to give Wagner the pleasure of hearing this graceful Italian instrument with a large number of performers.

TAXATION ON ART IN ITALY.—Italian artists complain of the severe taxation imposed upon them by the Government. The International Art Association of Rome recently appointed a committee to wait upon the Ministers of Public Instruction and Finance in regard to this grievance. The minister promised to recommend to the Internal Revenue Department the exercise of greater justice in the assignment of taxes, and, in reference to a complaint of the artists at the heavy tax levied by the United States Government upon works of Art introduced into that country, he also promised to avail himself of the friendly relations existing between the United States and Italy, as well as of the personal sympathies of the American minister for Italy, to obtain, if possible, more favourable conditions. The Minister of Finance informed the committee that, although the cession of an ample area, on the Via Nazionale of Rome, had been made for the Art-Exhibition building, the finances of the state could not afford the defrayal of the entire expenses of the construction, but must leave the chief part to the province and city of Rome. Already 300,000 lire (\$60,000) have been given for the edifice.

NEW PAINTING BY GEBHARDT.—A remarkable new picture by Professor von Gebhardt is at present being exhibited at Düsseldorf, and is creating a great sensation among the Art-loving public in Germany. The subject chosen by the painter is the well-worn one of the disciples at Emmaus, but Gebhardt has not treated it at all in the conventional or

traditional spirit. The picture is divided, after the manner of a mediæval altar-piece, into a large painting in the centre, and a smaller one as a lunette, separated by heavy architectural framework. The Christ is described as not well painted, but the disciples are conceived with the utmost realistic power. In the chief compartment the disciples are seen at the very moment when their Master has disappeared from their sight. One of them, a dark, powerful man, stands up holding out the bread which he was about to break with his Lord, and gazing with incomprehensible amazement at the empty place where a moment before the divine Host had been sitting. The other, an older man, sits quietly with his glance directed above, where Christ is seen in the lunette upper portion of the picture stretching forth two large hands, in the act of blessing, but with a countenance full of grief and compassion for the sins and sorrows of the humanity that He has now forever cast off.

M. TISSOT.—We learn from the London *Academy* that M. Tissot has lately completed several very interesting pictures intended for the Grosvenor Gallery. One of these is a large portrait-study of a lady placed amid a wilderness of chrysanthemums in bloom. She is stooping down to arrange one of the plants, in such a manner that the face is surrounded by the rich and varied tints of the flowers, whose delicate forms are everywhere precisely rendered. It is a bold experiment in colour that depends for its success upon the faithful realisation of a single effect of light controlling and harmonising the different tints. A second composition is called 'The Widower,' in which the father is represented with a child in his arms, standing amid the long grass of an orchard in spring-time. The sentiment of the picture is rather suggested than expressed by means of a grave and tender arrangement of colour. The light is a spring day, over which the sun has not yet gained full power, and the contrast between the darkly-clad figures and the lush green of the grass and foliage is further subdued by the tints of violet irises that spring up in the foreground.

THE ITALIAN SCULPTOR LUCCARDI.—Italy has recently lost an excellent sculptor, Professor Vincenzo Luccardi, who died at Genazzano, where the whole population joined in the funeral-rites. He was born in Gemona, province of Udine, in 1811, and from early youth showed a strong tendency towards Art. In 1829 he was admitted to the Academy of Art in Venice, where he gained nine medals in the various exhibitions. He afterwards studied in Florence, but after 1836 was established at Rome. Among his Art-sculptures are: 'Cain,' which gained the prize in the Exhibitions of Florence and Vienna; and the group of the 'Universal Deluge,' for which he received the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1867 and the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Among his more recent works are, 'Raphael and the Fornarina,' 'Hagar and Ishmael,' 'Cleopatra,' and 'Aida.' He was professor in the Academy of St. Luke and other Italian Institutes. From Pius IX. he received the insignia of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, and of the Piano.

AMERICAN POTTERY.—The return of Mr. C. M. Campbell, M.P., from the International Exhibition at Philadelphia to Stoke-upon-Trent, England, was made the occasion of a presentation of an address to him and a bracelet to his daughter by the work-people in the employ of Minton and Co., the well-known porcelain-manufacturers, of which firm Mr. Campbell is the head. Mr. Campbell, in acknowledging the presentations, said that during his visit to America he received nothing but kindness. He went to Philadelphia with an anxious spirit, but found that, though American pottery was quite equal in "potting" and general appearance to many English productions, it was far behind the best ceramics of England.

THE proposal to establish in Paris a Museum of Decorative Art is rapidly gathering strength. The scheme has already been warmly approved by the Minister of Fine Arts, and a vigorous effort will be made to secure the definite establishment of the institution before the opening of the International Exhibition in 1878.

AMONG the Christmas-books offered to the German public, in the season just passed, was an edition of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," charmingly illustrated by P. Thumann, an artist who seems to walk closely in the footsteps of the genial depicter of German life and manners, Ludwig Richter.

SIEMIRADSKY.—The Polish artist Siemiradsky, whose historical painting of 'The Christians burning as Illuminations before Nero' excited such general admiration during its exhibition in 1876, at Rome, has been commissioned to adorn with paintings a church in Moscow. He is now occupied in preparing the cartoons.

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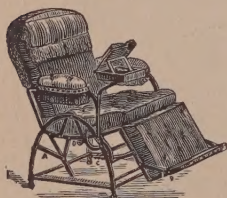
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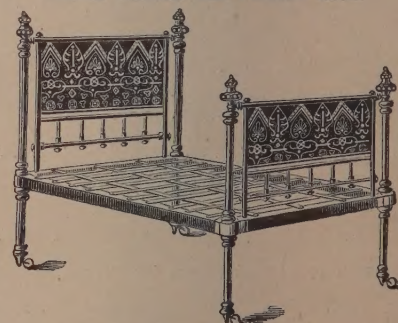
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